No. 100

Jan. '66

MAD IND

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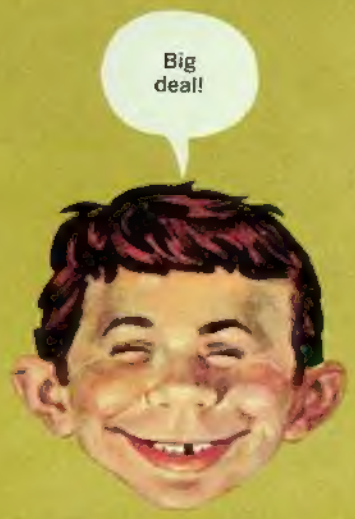

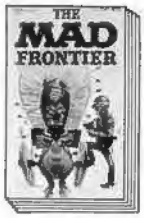

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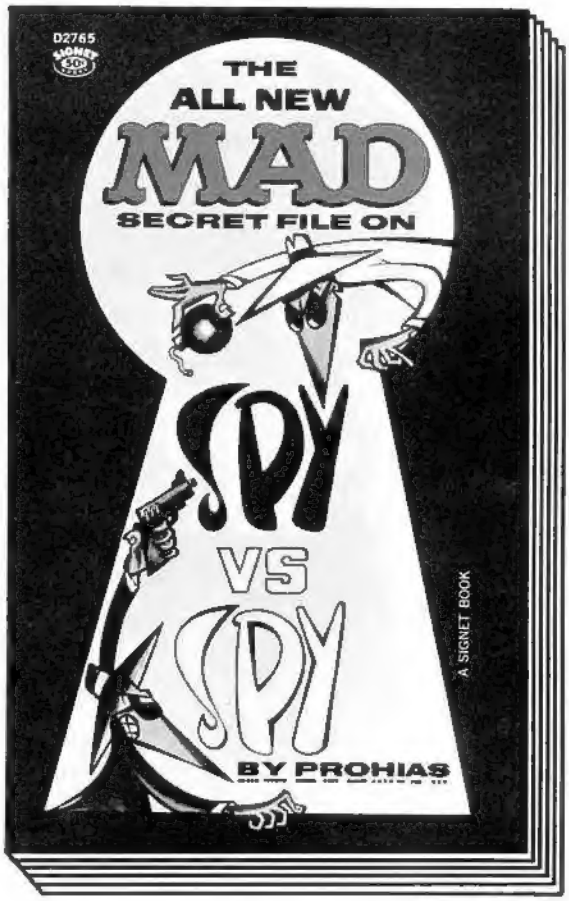

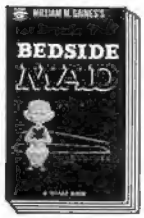

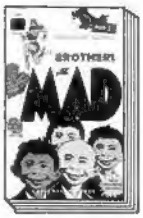

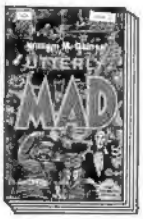

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EDITOR'S NOTE: If you are ordering 20 or more paperback books, the MAD Christmas Grab Bag is a better buy! (See ad--page 2.) You get a lot more extras for less money.

NUMBER 100 JANUARY 1966

MAD

"Usually, when people give up smoking, they substitute something else for it . . . mainly bragging!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*
JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY DE FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
MARTIN J. SCHEIMAN *lawsuits* RICHARD BERNSTEIN *publicity*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, RICHARD GRILLO *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—Jan. 1966 Vol. 1, Number 100, is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E.C. Publications, Inc., at 850 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions: In the U.S.A., 8 issues $2.00 or 24 issues $5.00. Outside U.S.A.; 8 issues $2.50 or 24 issues $6.25. Allow 6 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyrighted ©1965 by E.C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request of manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

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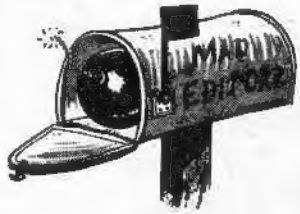
STUCK FOR A Christmas Gift IDEA?

GIVE A
GIFT SUBSCRIPTION
TO
MAD

We'll send a cheery Christmas Gift Announcement telling whom to blame!

LETTERS DEPT.



LORD JUMP

When I saw the movie, "Lord Jim," I thought it was wonderful. Then, when I saw "Lord Jump," your satire of it, I thought that was wonderful. I cried throughout the movie and I laughed throughout the article. I loved the movie and I loved the take-off and I love your magazine.

Nancy Wertman
Delton, Mich.

I was outraged. Your satire of that excellent film was the most sickening piece of trash I have ever had the misfortune to lay eyes on.

Jay Cooper
Tulsa, Oklahoma

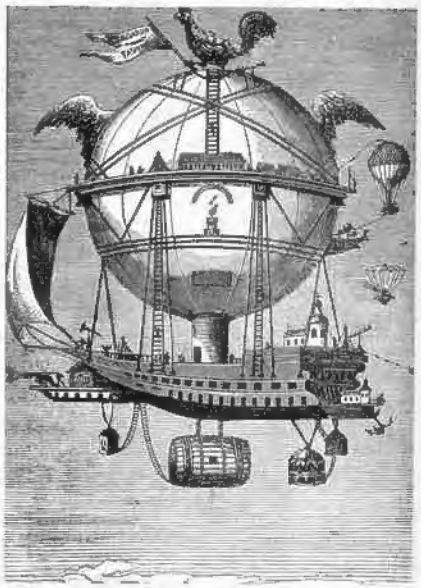
I fail to see the humor in satirizing a brilliant story which shows so much depth into human emotion. The picture was an accurate representation of the book, and Peter O'Toole was fantastic. I have long been a reader of MAD, and have never objected to any of your satires before, but this time you've gone too far.

Jan Hipes
Bronx, N.Y.

I just thought you might like to know that I never laughed harder over anything in my life. The drawings were superb!

Lynda Zervic
Milwaukee, Wisc.

MAD ZEPPELIN'S ANCESTOR?



This must be the Great-Grand-Daddy of your MAD Zeppelin.

Gene St. Jean
New York City

SNAPPY ANSWERS

Not only was MAD's article, "Snappy Answers To Stupid Questions" really funny, but it also delivered a sharp slap at all those jerks who constantly pester us with idiotic, pointless questions. Did Mr. Jaffee really write that all by himself?

Steve Moriarty
Hallowell, Maine

"Snappy Answers" was a gem, but Mr. Jaffee forgot to include the most ridiculous question of them all—mainly, "Are you asleep?"

Meg Liberman
Los Angeles, Calif.

How about a snappy answer to the one question that always annoys me: when I'm waiting for a bus, reading MAD, and some nut will come up and say, "Oh, do you read MAD?"

Richard Hadley Case
Honolulu, Hawaii

How about: "No, I just look at the pictures!" or "No, I just like to feel it!" or "No, I read ΩΑΜ upside-down!"—Ed.

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MORE MAD E.S.P.?

I have always considered MAD to be the most progressive, ahead-of-the-times journal in the world today, and my faith was dramatically confirmed by an article in the "Los Angeles Times" of Aug. 31st announcing: "STEVE ALLEN CONSIDERING RUNNING FOR CONGRESS." Over a year ago, in the Oct. '64 issue, MAD predicted this to the letter in the article: "If Celebrities Ran For Office." Your first suggestion was, "If Steve Allen Ran For Senator." How do you consistently manage to get the news out before it happens?

Marc Burstein
Los Angeles, Calif.

FUGITIVE FROM LADIES MAGS

With the "Ladies Mags" now devoted entirely to jellied salads, lessons in nymphomania, and sunny articles on "How To Be Happy With Lung Cancer," this lady is delighted to have discovered MAD. Satire is usually fun for its own sake, but you frequently get a message across along with it. Very brave at a time when disapproval of anything is so un-chic. Keep it up, please.

Isabel Cusack
No address given

FOLD-IN DISASTER AREA

It's okay to insult the U.S.A., Pres. Johnson and Peter O'Toole—but the New York Mets?! That's going too far. Heresy! Subversion!

Susan Lang
Montreal, Quebec

As an avid Met fan, I loved your latest MAD Fold-In. I hope to see many more as creative and funny.

Larry Vogel
Flushing, N.Y.

KEEP POKING FUN

To paraphrase E. B. White, MAD's satires are "the holes in the stuffed shirts through which the sawdust slowly trickles." I hope you will continue to turn out your devastating satires and parodies.

Larry White
Harvard University

Yeah, but who's gonna clean up all that sawdust?—Ed.

FLAPPER

Your "Flapper" satire was boss. I was fortunate to be on the "Flipper" set the day it came out, and it was the main topic of conversation. The cast and crew loved it. Brian Kelly and Luke Halpin send their warmest wishes and congrats on another excellent spoof.

Renée Bozeman
Miami, Fla.

I now find time to take typewriter in hand and write a letter of commendation concerning Mort Drucker's excellent art work. All of his work that has graced the pages of MAD has been of fine quality and in good taste. His caricatures always make the subject at least five times more recognizable than most photographs do. Congratulations to Mort, and may his superior work continue in MAD.

George L. Griffeth, Jr.
Atlanta, Georgia

"SPY VS. SPY" IN PAPERBACK

I think Antonio Prohias's "Spy vs. Spy" is the funniest part of your magazine. I know that Don Martin and Dave Berg have their own paperback books of new material, so why not Antonio Prohias?

Tom Hoffman
Clearwater, Fla.

I think you discriminate against us Latin-Americans! Why is it that while Dave Berg and Don Martin have their own MAD Paperback Books, Antonio Prohias hasn't?

Benjamin Urrutia
Guayaquil, Ecuador

I think your "Joke and Dagger Dept." by Prohias is stupendous. Why not let him write some original (and longer) "Spy vs. Spy" adventures and put them into a MAD Paperback Book all his own?

Thomas Kostyk
Stratford, Conn.

"Spy vs. Spy" fans will be delighted to learn that Antonio Prohias has completed a collection of all-new and original material for his own MAD Paperback Book. See the announcement on the inside front cover. —Ed.

Please address all correspondence to:
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Have Yourself A MERRY MAD XMAS!

GIVE (OR TREAT YOURSELF TO) A...

MAD Christmas GRAB BAG

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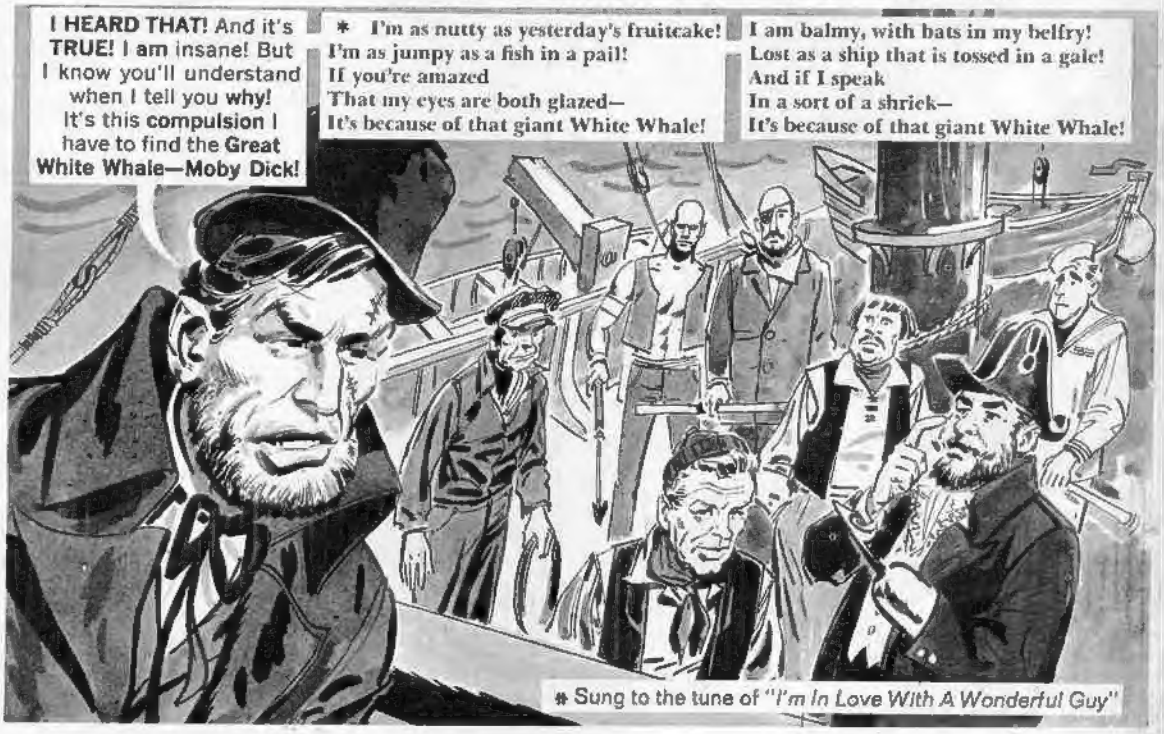
TUNE UP THE VOLUME DEPT.

Nowadays, the Producers of Broadway Musicals are chicken! They're scared stiff of taking chances on new and original stories. Instead, they prefer to play it safe—relying on material that's been tried and proven—like adapting successful stories, novels and plays by world-famous authors. Witness such recent Musicals as "Oliver!" (*Oliver Twist* by Charles Dickens), "Baker Street" (*Sherlock Holmes*

FUTURE BROAD

BASED ON FAMOUS

"WHERE'S MOBY?" Based on "*Moby Dick*" by Herman Melville

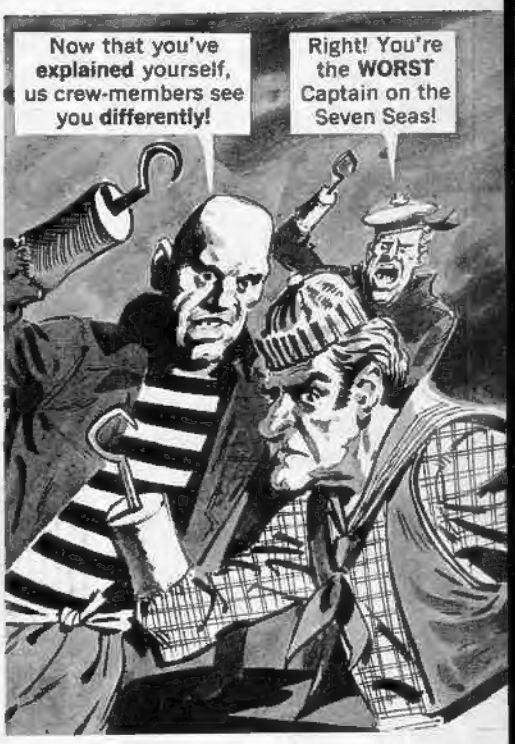


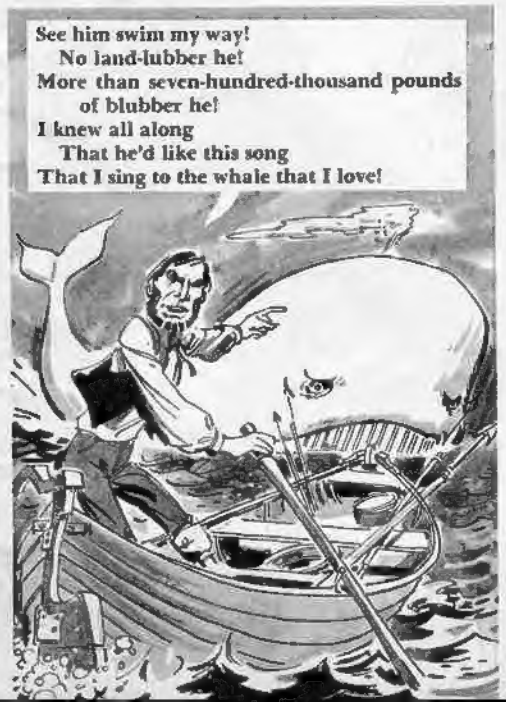
by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle), "West Side Story" *(Romeo and Juliet* by William Shakespeare), "My Fair Lady" *(Pygmalion* by George Bernard Shaw), Hello, Dolly" *(The Matchmaker* by Thornton Wilder), and so on and on. Obviously, if this sickening trend continues, we'll be seeing Musicals based on even more unlikely classics. To illustrate, let's follow the bouncing ball as MAD presents four examples of

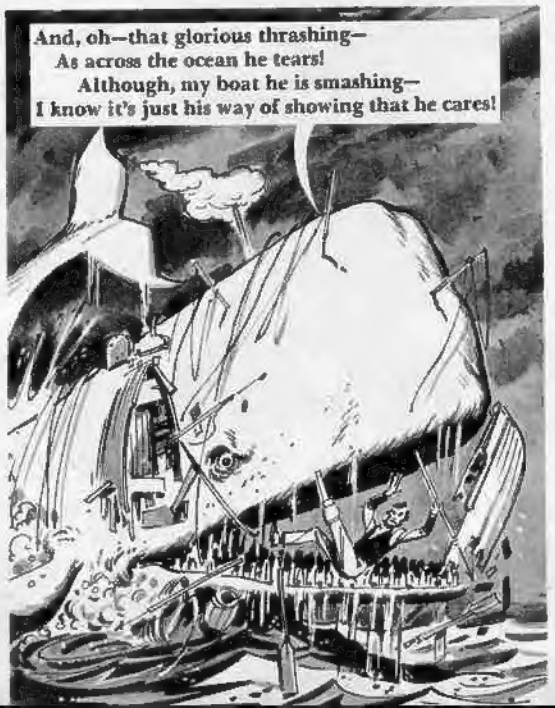
WAY MUSICALS

LITERARY CLASSICS

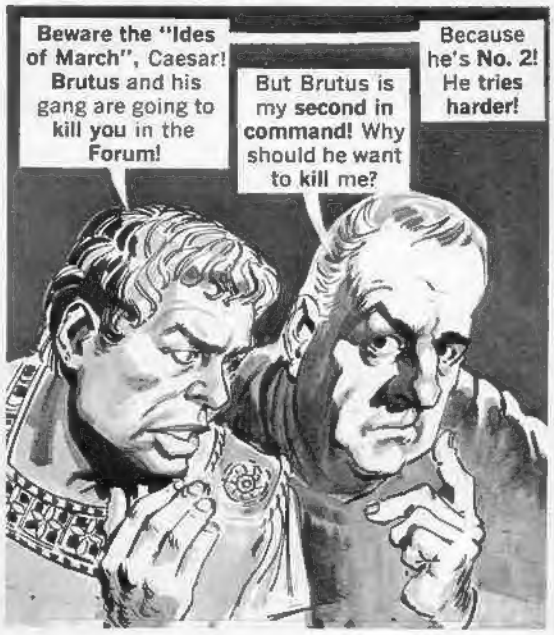
ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

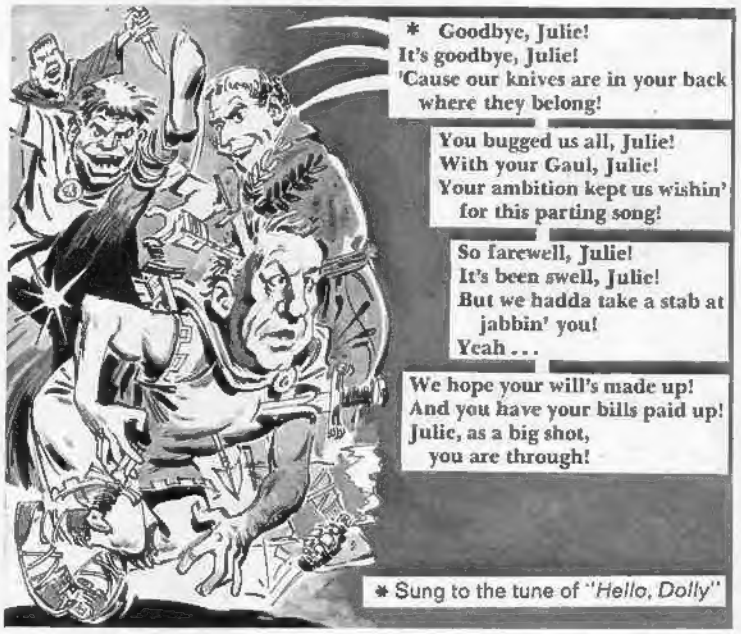


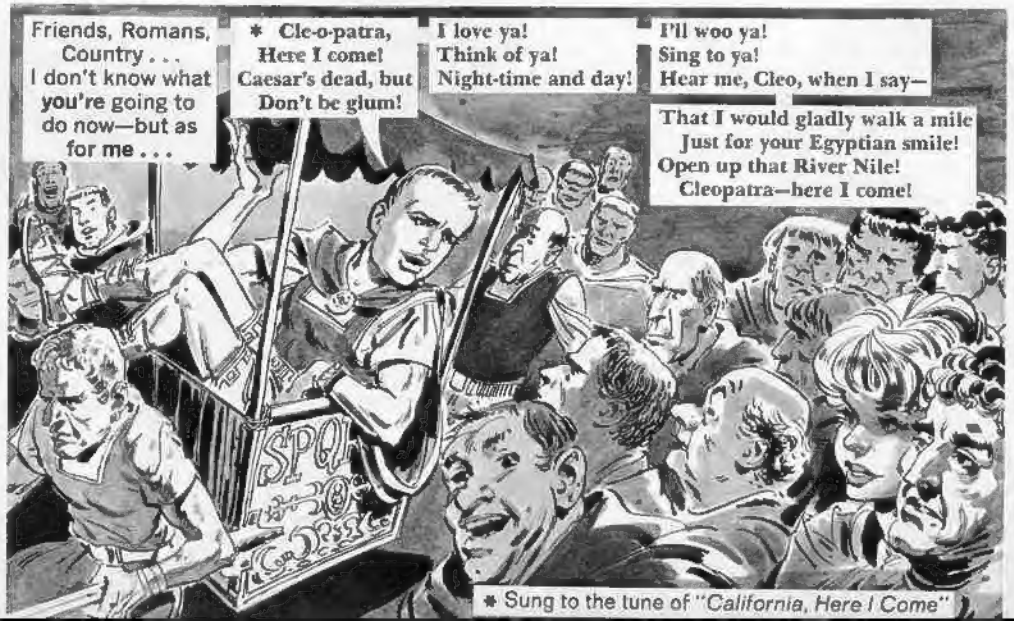




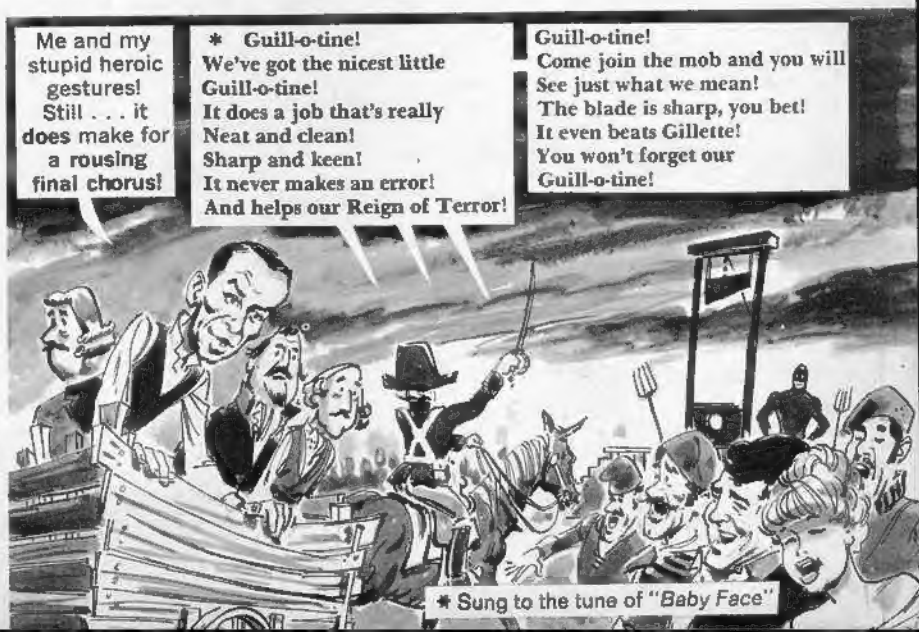
"CALL ME JULIUS" Based on "*Julius Caesar*" by William Shakespeare





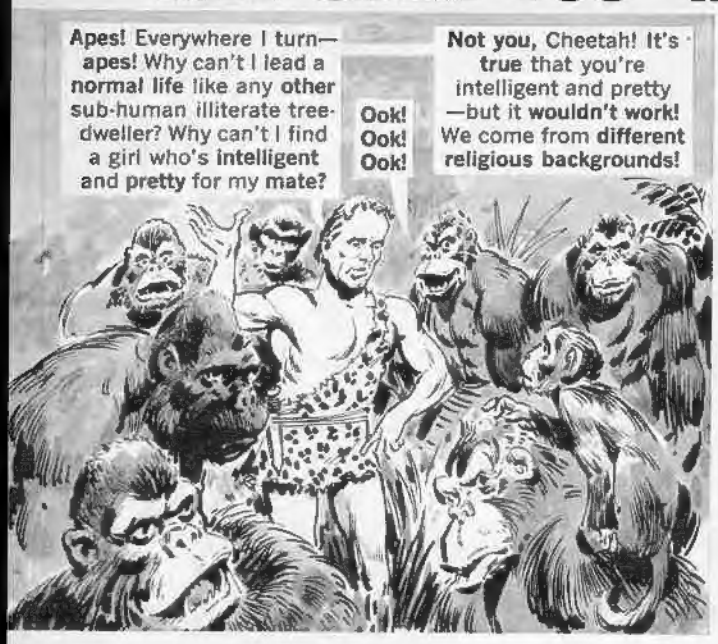


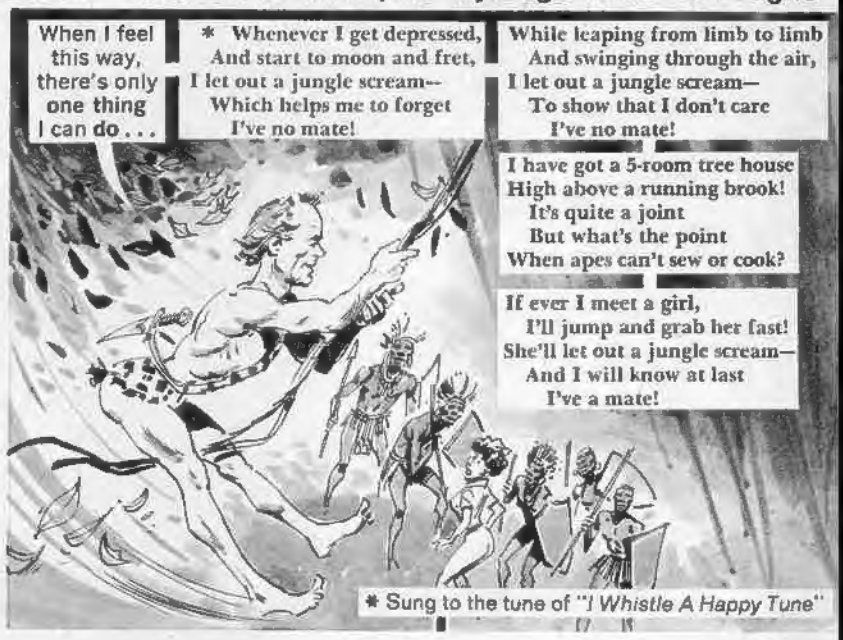
"LOSE YOUR HEAD" Based on "*A Tale of Two Cities*" by Charles Dickens

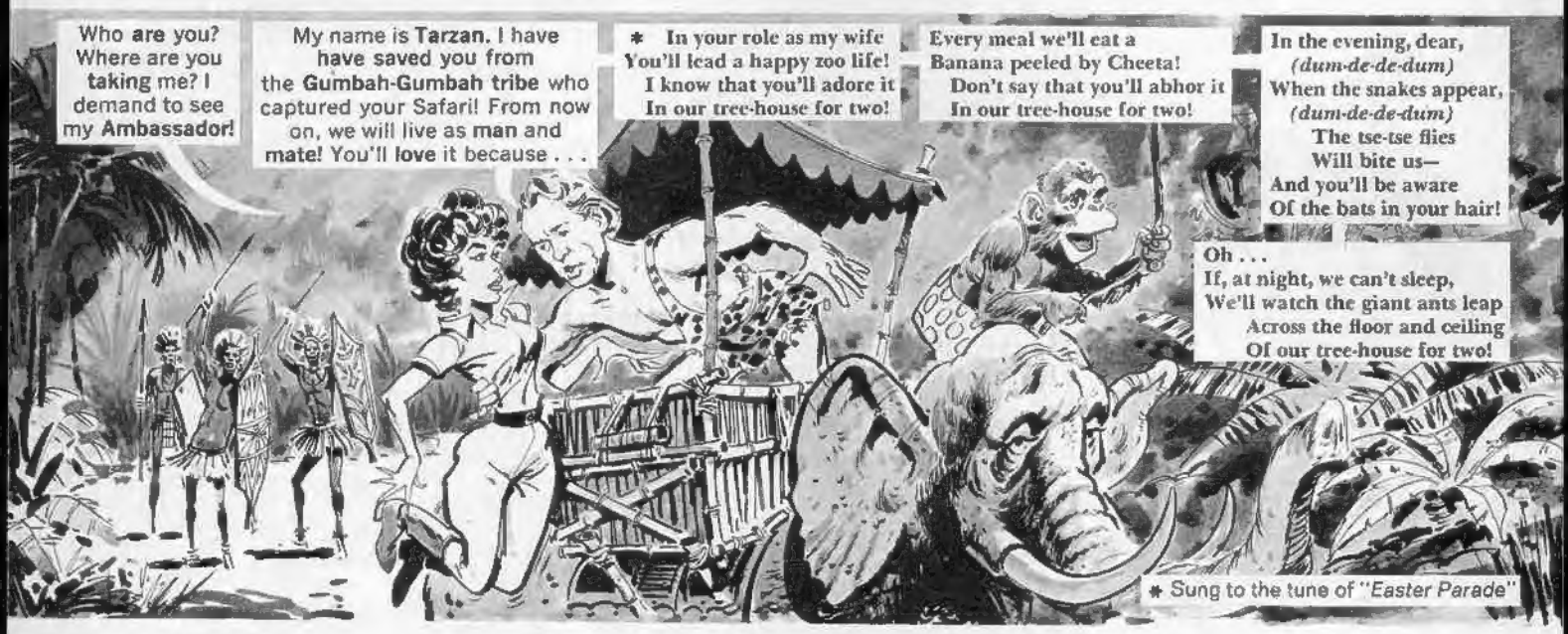


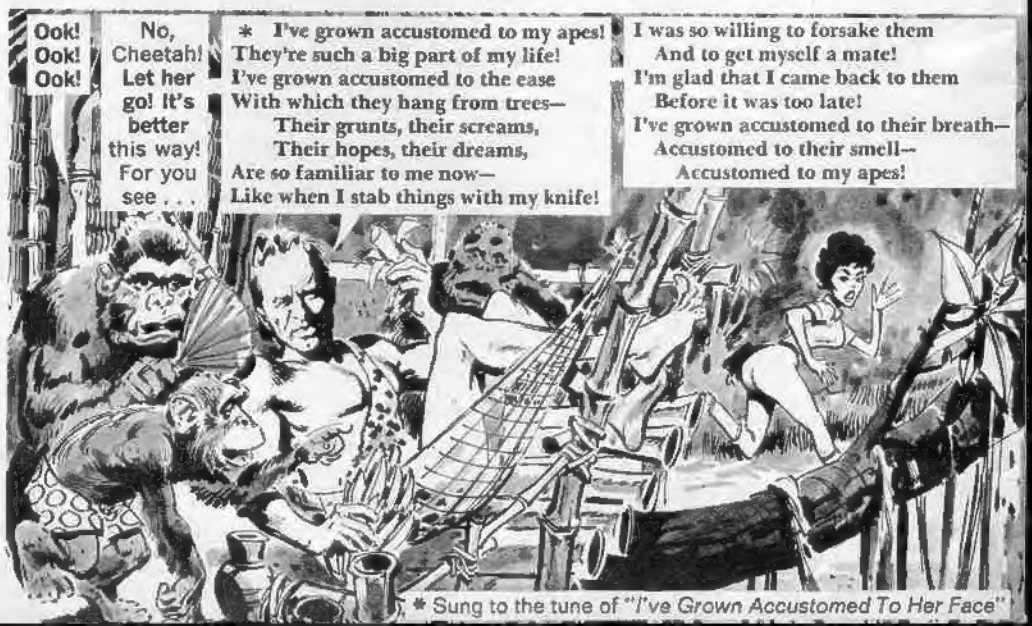
"APE OVER YOU"

Based on "*Tarzan and the Apes*" by Edgar Rice Burroughs









LIVING OFF THE FAD OF THE LAND DEPT.

Ever wonder what happens to all the unsold items left on dealers' shelves when the demand for a product fades . . . or a craze suddenly dies . . . or there was never any demand in the first place? Well, don't look in the garbage dumps for them. Look instead at those little mail order ads in magazines and newspapers—placed by that crafty band of greedy American Businessmen who have discovered

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF RE-PACKAGING

Like f'rinstance, remember the "Hula-Hoop" craze? Suddenly, one day, they zoomed to popularity . . . and just as suddenly, one day, nobody wanted to play with hula-hoops anymore. Well, right this minute, manufacturers with millions of hula-hoops in warehouses around the country are thinking of ways to re-package them. So keep your eyes open for these *"new"* products:

ARE YOU ALWAYS LOSING— OR MISPLACING YOUR KEYS?

After years of research, Modern Science has discovered the answer. Never again will you lose or misplace your keys when you use . . .

KLINGLEMAN'S KEY-HOOP

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CIRCLE INDUSTRIES, Box 78, ROUND HILL, VA.

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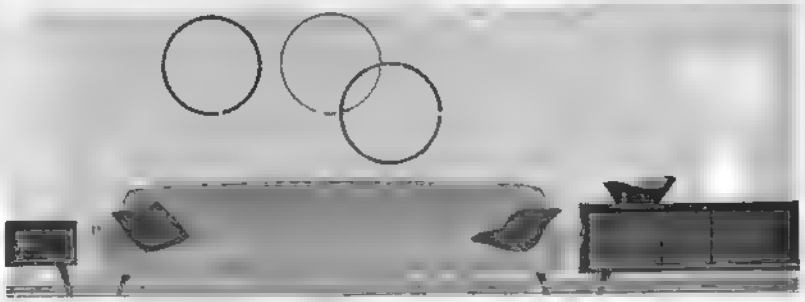

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ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

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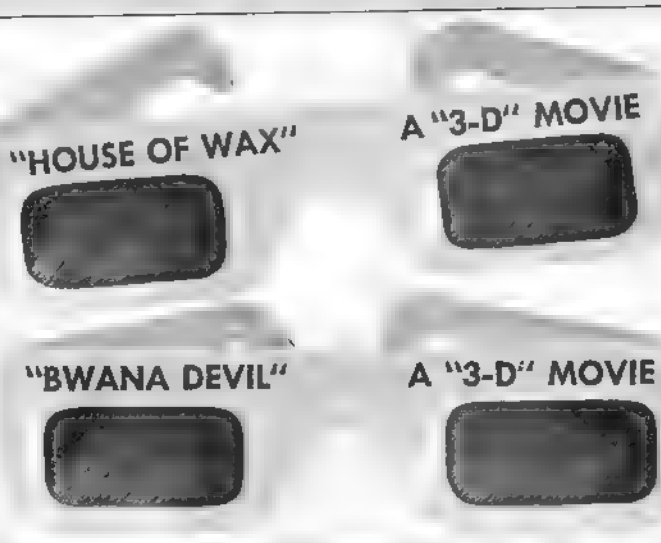

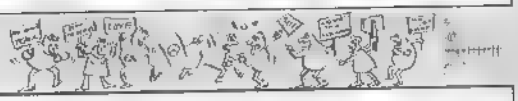

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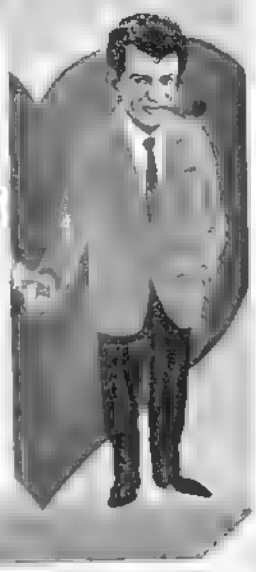

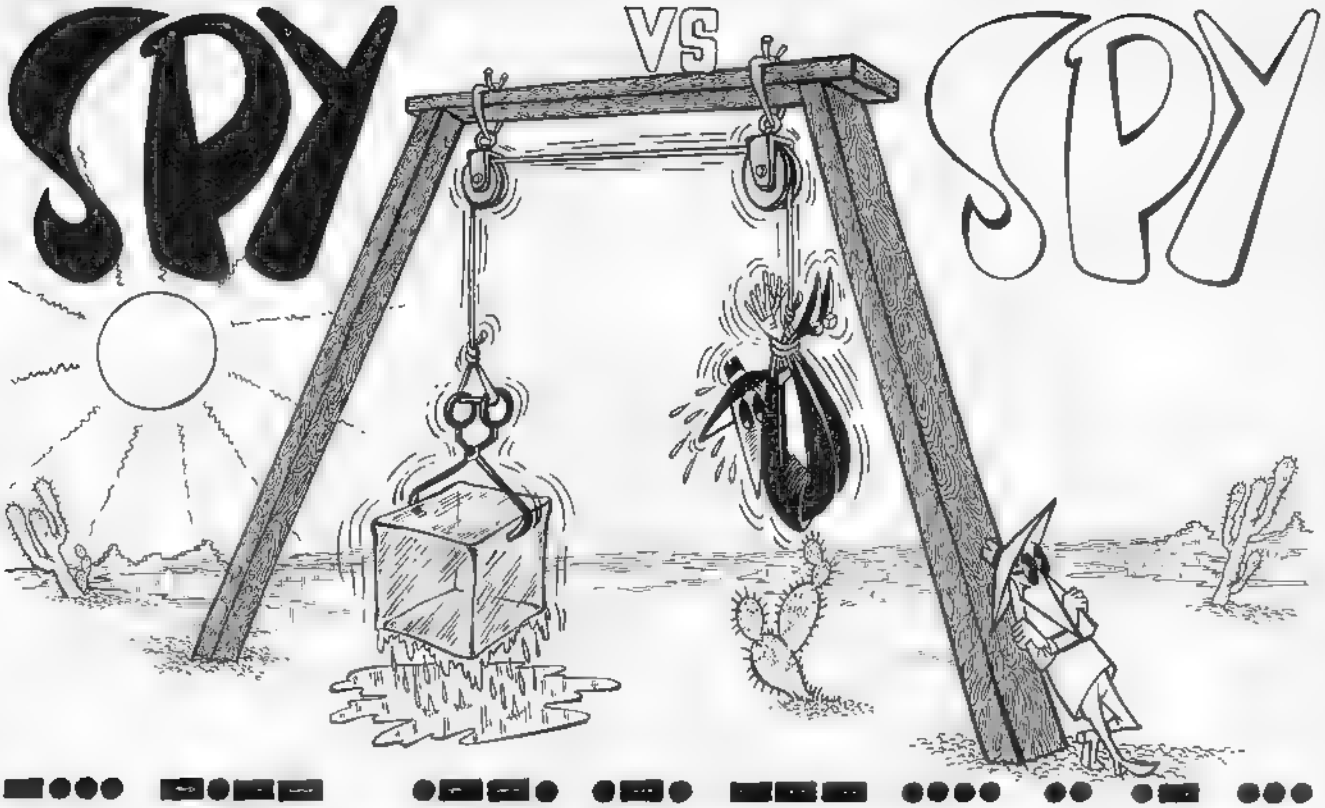
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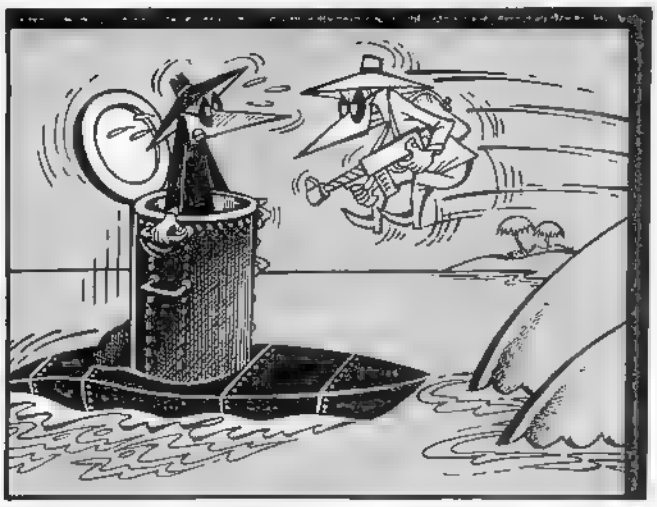
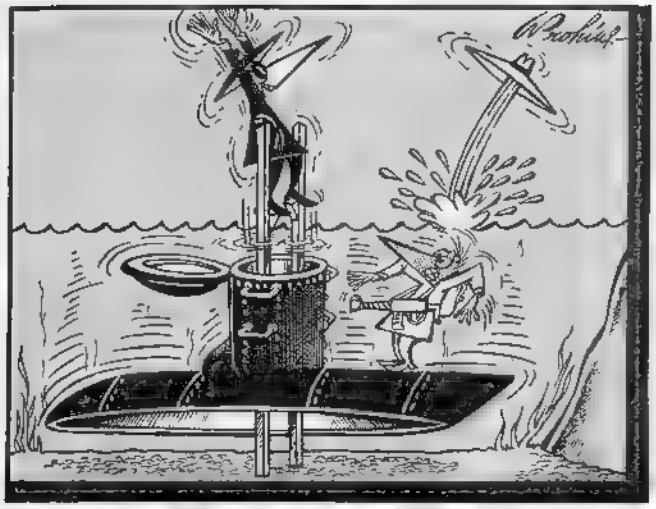


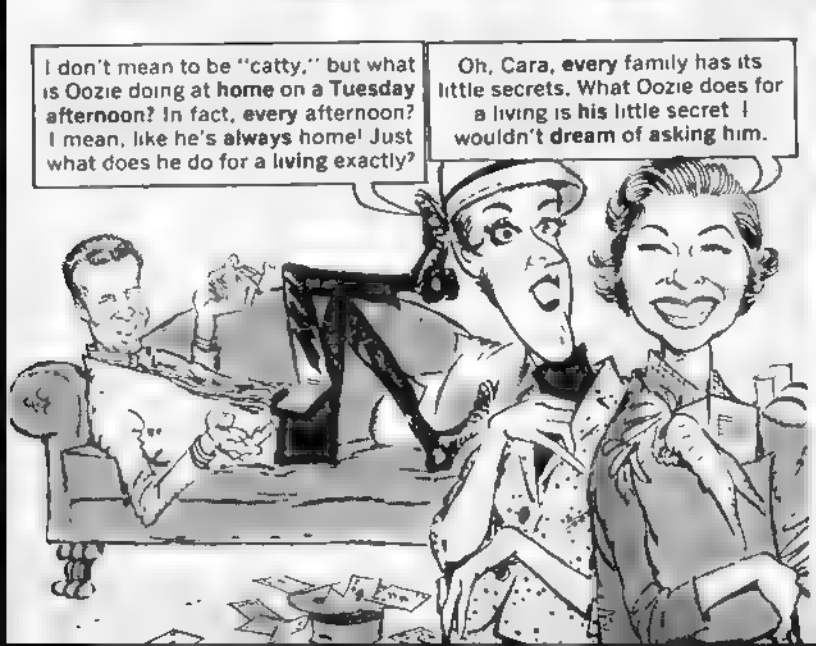


HOME-SWEET-HO-HUM DEPT.

The "Great American Dream" is to live in peace and harmony with an ideal wife and well-mannered children in an atmosphere that's free from worry and tension. It can't be done, you say? You know of no one who has ever achieved such a euphoric existence? Well, you're wrong! There's a family that lives in bliss week after week! And what's more, it's been doing so for 14 years! We're talking about that happy group of innocents who live completely and hermetically sealed off from reality. We're talking about . . .

THE NILSON FAMILY

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: STAN HART



Yes, dear. You're the first and longest-lasting of a long line of bumbling foolish TV husbands, and I'm proud of you!

Here's Rickety, home from college. How are things in school, son?

Boy, Dad, that Accelerated, Enriched Program keeps me busy. I've got 3 more Proms, 6 more Football Rallies and one additional Frat Party each week. They really pour it on.

Just what classes does Rickety go to?

He doesn't go to classes. He just goes to college. After all, he earns $250,000 a year making records.

Imagine, making all that money without moving a muscle in his face, I mean!

Well, Rickety, how's your wife, Kissy?

Gee, Dad, marriage is a little more complicated than I thought. F'rinstance, Kissy says I spend too much time with the fellows at the Frat House.

Well, do you?

Naw, I only sleep there.

BLESS OUR DEN

Today, in school, a fellow told me about Integration, Vietnam and The Cold War. He was putting me on, wasn't he Dad?

Of course, Rickety. He was probably one of those smart-alecky fellows who likes to attract attention. Just forget it.

I'd say a fellow like that doesn't belong in our kind of college, huh, Dad?

Right. But don't be too hard on him. He most likely got upset watching controversial shows on TV like "Gomer Pyle" and "Donna Reed."

Gee it's great to have a father you can count on! No matter when I have a problem, I know I can come here and get real help—even on a Tuesday afternoon.

What's more important than a man's family?

A Little League Chinese Checker Tournament?

Never!!

A Kite Flying Contest?

Well, THAT maybe!

Harried, dear, you're so wonderfully American. You always have Apple Pie and Milk out on the kitchen table.

Yes, but it gets pretty gamey when we've gone for long week-ends.

I'm planning to take your mother on a vacation to the Caribbean this year. I was thinking about the Dominican Republic, but I changed my mind.

Oh, I'm so glad, dear.

I knew you would be. I think you'll like Cuba much better. Want to come along, Rickety?

BLESS OUR KITCHEN

Gee, I don't know, Dad. Kissy is mad enough at me now. How will she feel when I go away on a vacation?

We'll take her along. It'll be like your Second Honeymoon.

It'll also be like our First Honeymoon! We all went away together on that one, too.

Hi, Divot. How's the Law Game?

I'm on my way to handle a case right now. Two partners are suing each other and they're waiting for me to do something idiotic so they can forgive and forget. It's nice being a lawyer for nice people. I'm lucky I never handled a case where the people weren't nice.

That's right, Divot. Leave the people who aren't nice to lawyers like E. G. Marshall. And you know how long he lasted in television.

Let's look at home movies, Dad

Swell, Rickety. Your wish is my command.

Why do they ignore me? Everything around here is Rickety, Rickety. Gee, I have no strong opinions, no defined personality, no trace of emotion either. I'm everything a Nilson should be, yet they turn their backs on me. Why? WHY?

BLESS OUR LIVING ROOM

Ah, the good old days—

I can remember how animated little Rickety's face became when he was very happy . . . Or was it when he was very sad? Come to think of it, it was the same expression!

And here's where Rickety first learned the gestures that he uses when he sings. He's practicing opening and closing his eyes.

It's a good gimmick.

Here's a shot of Rickety saying his first complete intelligible statement. What was it he said to you, Divot?

He asked, "What does Daddy do for a living?"

Oozie, you've always been such a generous, considerate father!

Yeah, Dad, it was swell of you to let us play in your room on rainy days!

Oh, Rickety, I'm so happy that you found such a lovely girl to marry!

Thanks to Dad's good advice, I was the perfect gentleman. I never tried to hug or kiss her. I never even laid a hand on her.

You mean before you were married?

No, I mean since we were married!

Hi, Whaley. What's up?

Giggle, giggle, giggle giggle

I like Whaley. He's such a real person!

Yes, our audience can identify so easily with a 30-year-old college student with a piercing high-pitched giggle and absolutely no redeeming qualities

You gotta—*giggle*—help me out, Rickety. My girl, Ginger Snaps, is angry at me for going out with another girl.

That's shocking!

What? That Whaley went out with another girl?

No—that ANY girl would go out with him!

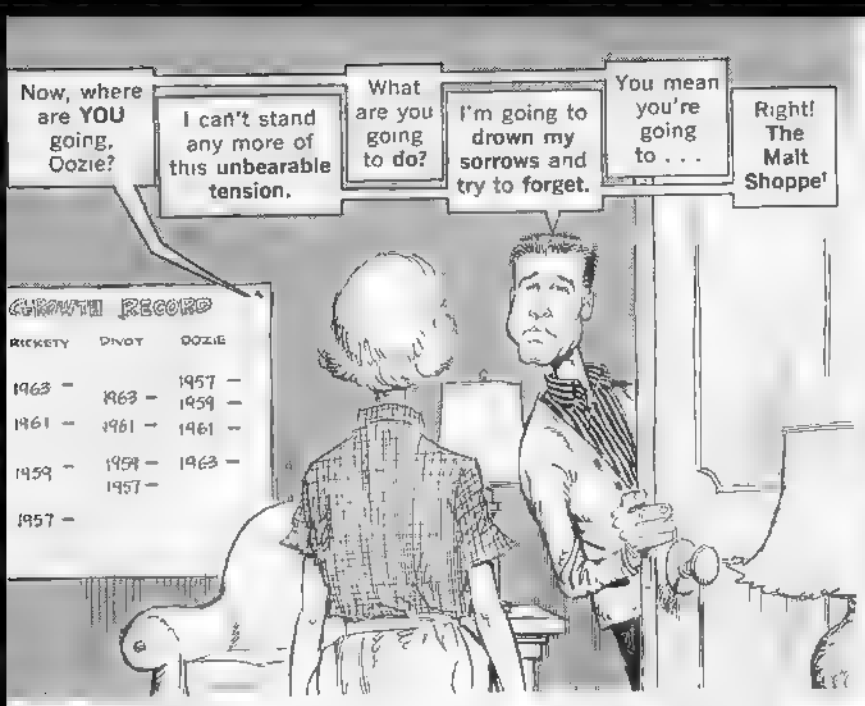
This is a crisis. I have to go.

A crisis? Can't we ever have any peace? What a world we live in.

Aren't you going to kiss me goodbye, Rickety?

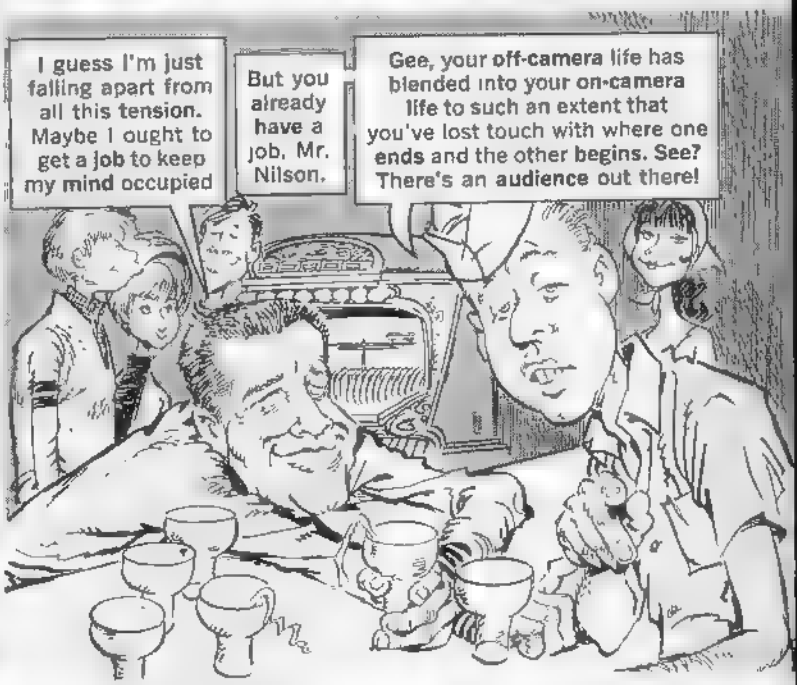
Can't! This is family entertainment.

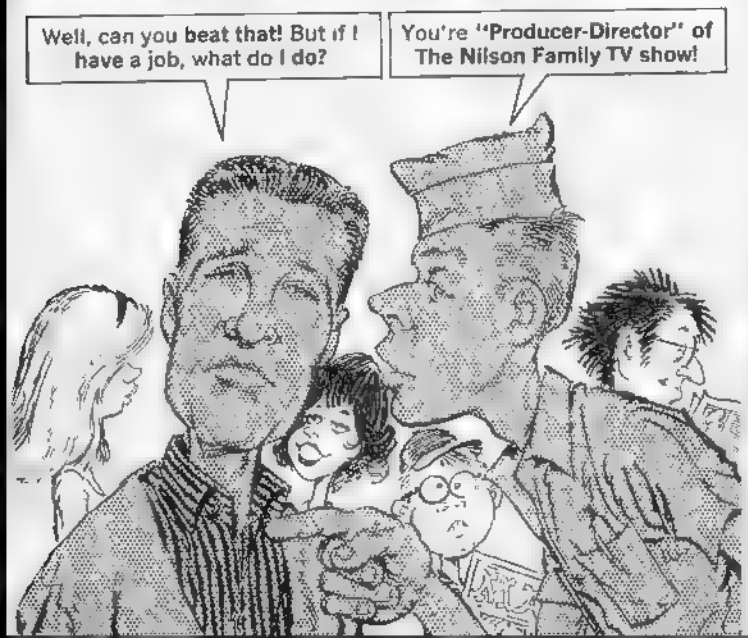
CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

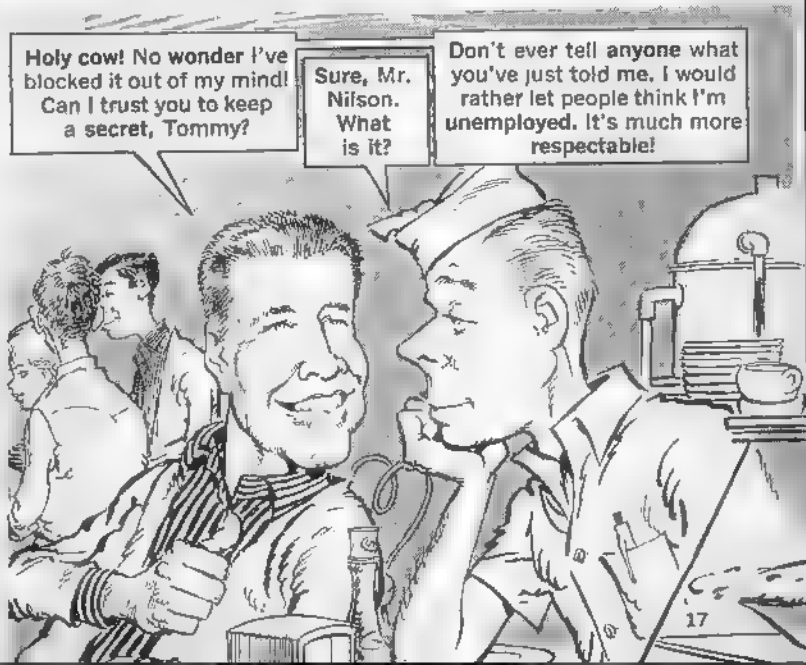

Now, where are YOU going, Oozie?
I can't stand any more of this unbearable tension.
What are you going to do?
I'm going to drown my sorrows and try to forget.
You mean you're going to . . .
Right! The Malt Shoppe!
GROWTH RECORD
RICKETY
PIVOT
OOZIE
1963 –
1961 –
1959 –
1957 –
1963 –
1961 –
1959 –
1957 –
1957 –
1959 –
1961 –
1963 –

Keep 'em coming, Tommy
But, Mr. Nilson You don't know what you're doing to yourself
Don't worry, Tommy. I can hold my malteds.

I can't let you do this. I refuse to serve you another malted.
Why?
Don't you realize it's 4:30? You'll ruin your appetite for dinner.
Thanks, Tommy. I'm all right now.


I guess I'm just falling apart from all this tension. Maybe I ought to get a job to keep my mind occupied
But you already have a job, Mr. Nilson.
Gee, your off-camera life has blended into your on-camera life to such an extent that you've lost touch with where one ends and the other begins. See? There's an audience out there!


Well, can you beat that! But if I have a job, what do I do?
You're "Producer-Director" of The Nilson Family TV show!


Holy cow! No wonder I've blocked it out of my mind! Can I trust you to keep a secret, Tommy?
Sure, Mr. Nilson. What is it?
Don't ever tell anyone what you've just told me. I would rather let people think I'm unemployed. It's much more respectable!

WORD GAME PRESERVE DEPT.

Here we go again with the game in which we take ordinary Dictionary words, and dream up some kookie animals that these words suggest. Mainly, here we go with

THE RETURN OF THE MAD

superficial

Araby

billy club

ordain

threadbare

humdinger

romantic

BEASTLIES

ARTIST: PAUL COKER JR. WRITER: PHIL HAHN

first aid kit

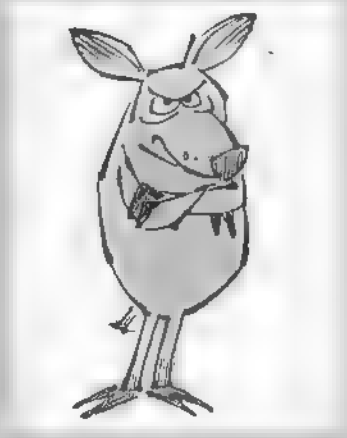
Good Housekeeping Seal

Balboa

bum steer

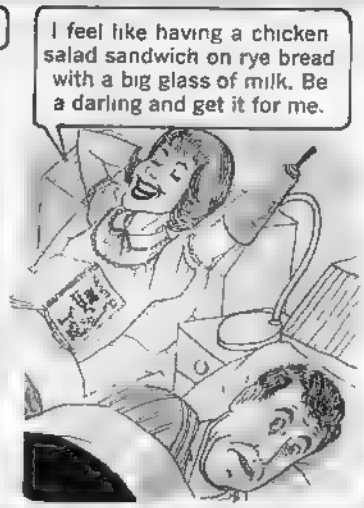
Bangkok

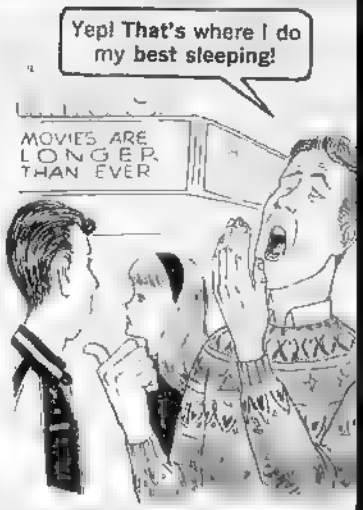
sourdough



crochet

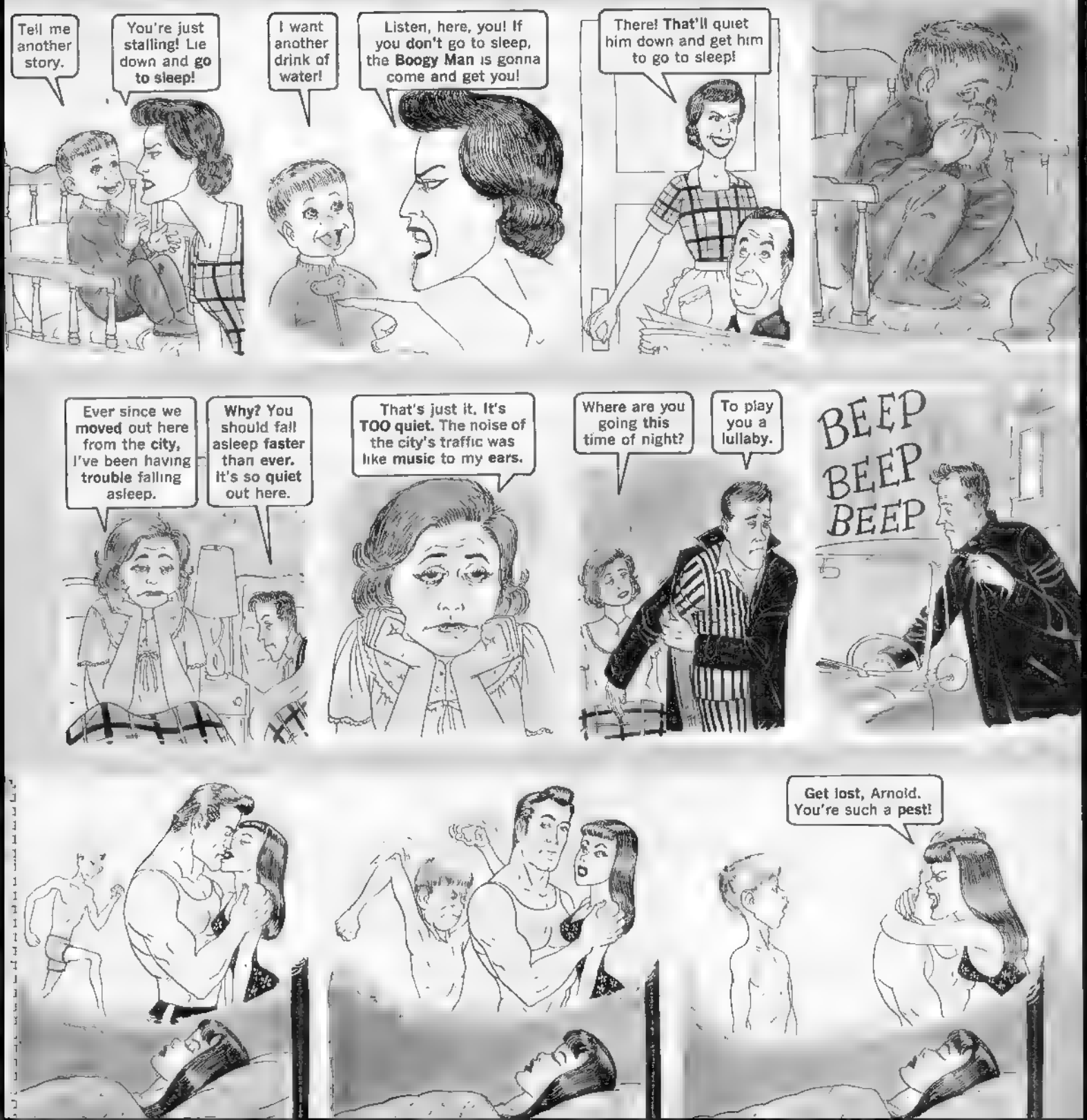
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF





SLEEP

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



Today, when my Boss told me to straighten up and fly right, I should have said . . .
There you go again. Every night, before bed, you go through the "I-should-have-said—" routine. Do you realize you've got "20-20 Hindsight".
I do not!
Ahh, shut up and let me go to sleep
When she said I've got "20-20 Hindsight", I should have said . . .
I'm tossin' an' turnin'.
Me, too!
How about some music to sleep by?
I'll try anything!
YEAH! YEAH! DOWNTOWN! I WANNA HOLD YOUR HAND!
zzzz zzz z
z zzz zzzz
Tee-Hee!
And that Pamela thinks she's so great.
Tee-Hee!
Vivian! Vivian, get up! I hear voices and giggling in the house!
Huh?
Oh, that's Nancy. She's having a Pajama Party. She has a couple of her friends sleeping in her room with her.
You kids nuts or somethin'? It's five thirty in the morning! What are you getting up so early for?
Getting up? We haven't been to sleep yet!
Tee-Hee!
Tee-Hee!
Gary! Time to get up!
Mmmm.
GARY! YOU HEAR ME? TIME TO GET UP!
Yeah. Yeah.
GARY DONAHUE! YOU GET UP THIS INSTANT!
In a minute.

Sleep! Sleep! Sleep! That's all you ever do is sleep!
Do you realize that people sleep over one-quarter of their lives away? And when you're sleeping, you might as well be dead!
Really? We sleep one-quarter of our lives away? That much?
Man, that's living!
Brrr! Must we sleep with the window open? I'm freezing!
Fresh air is good for you!
But I'm shivering! If this keeps up—Brrr!—I'll never fall asleep!
Then get up and close it!
YEEOWW!! that floor is COLD!!
Fresh air is good for me!
The human brain is an amazing mechanism. It has a built-in timer and alarm system, just like a clock. All I have to do is tell my brain that I want to get up at seven o'clock, and precisely at seven—I wake up!
Well, you forgot to wind up your brain, smart guy—because it's precisely eight, o'clock right now!
Oh, my gosh! I forgot to change my brain to Daylight Savings Time!
Okay, okay! I'm getting up!
OH, MY GOSH, LOOK AT THE TIME!!
WHY THE HECK DIDN'T YOU WAKE ME UP!?!

EVERY DOG HAS ITS DATE DEPT.

WHAT IS A

WRITTEN BY ARNIE KOGEN

Between the time a boy starts dating and the time he gets married, he is guaranteed to come across a creature called a "Blind Date." Blind dates come in an assortment of sizes and shapes . . . all ridiculous.

Blind dates are found everywhere. Their names appear in discarded address books, and their numbers on telephone booth walls. Blind dates are arranged by everyone, including agencies, relatives, and guys who—up until you see what they've stuck you with—were your best friends.

It's a pity on blind dates: Popular girls belittle them, popular boys ignore them, parents console them, Dear Abby advises them, beauty parlors con them, teachers pass them, nature fails them, and spray deodorants protect them . . . sometimes.

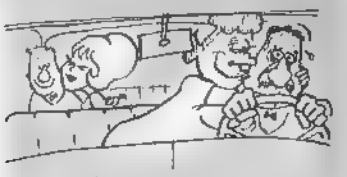
A blind date is Neatness with a run in her stocking, Primness with mustard on her chin, Shyness with a loud voice, Poise with her slip showing, Femininity with a hint of a mustache, and Hysteria in gym bloomers.

A blind date is Yogi Berra in pedal pushers, Irene Ryan in a Bikini, Fred Gwynne in a shift, Shirley Booth in stretch pants and Dan Blocker in hip-huggers. She is the girl across the street who looks like the boy next door.

A blind date is never a show girl, a model, a cheerleader or a farmer's daughter. She is always a nurse's aid, somebody's clunky cousin from out of town, or a member of the Girls' Field Hockey Team.

BLIND DATE?

ILLUSTRATED BY SERGIO ARAGONES



A blind date is a composite: She has the gender of Elizabeth Taylor, the figure of Richard Burton, the hairdo of Dr. Zorba, the elocution of Casey Stengel, the charm of an untipped waiter, the facial expression of Alfred E. Neuman, and the aroma of the Pittsburgh Steelers' locker room during half-time.

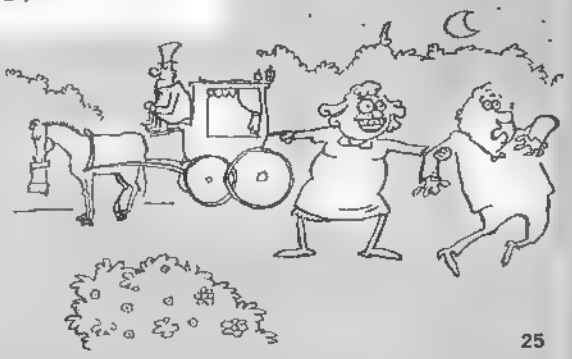
A blind date likes nice-looking boys, night clubs, moonlight walks, little compliments, some attention and lots of respect. She doesn't particularly care for insults, laughing out loud when you first meet her, introducing her to your friends as an April Fool joke, taking her to Supermarket Openings, spending Prom night at a Carvel Stand, asking her to split the check, or taking her to Lovers' Lane . . . and then leaving her there.

When you take out a blind date, you can't win. Who else can ruin your evening just by showing up? Who else laughs out loud during the newsreel? Who else wears Vicks Vap-O-Rub for cologne? And lipstick on her teeth? Who else puts on galoshes to go surfing? Who else still has diaper rash at 17? Who else has a measurement of 38-25-38 . . . on her leg?

Might as well face it . . . blind dates are losers and rejects. They are a plague and a blight. They are funny-faced, scatter-brained, double-chinned, wax-eared, pigeon-toed, hairy-legged, hang-nailed, pot-bellied, baggy-eyed, knock-kneed, baby-fatted, gum-chewing, time-consuming things.

But, at the end of the evening, when you take her home, and she turns softly to you and shakes your hand and slams the door in your face . . . you shout after her the words that millions who have dated blind dates have shouted before . . .

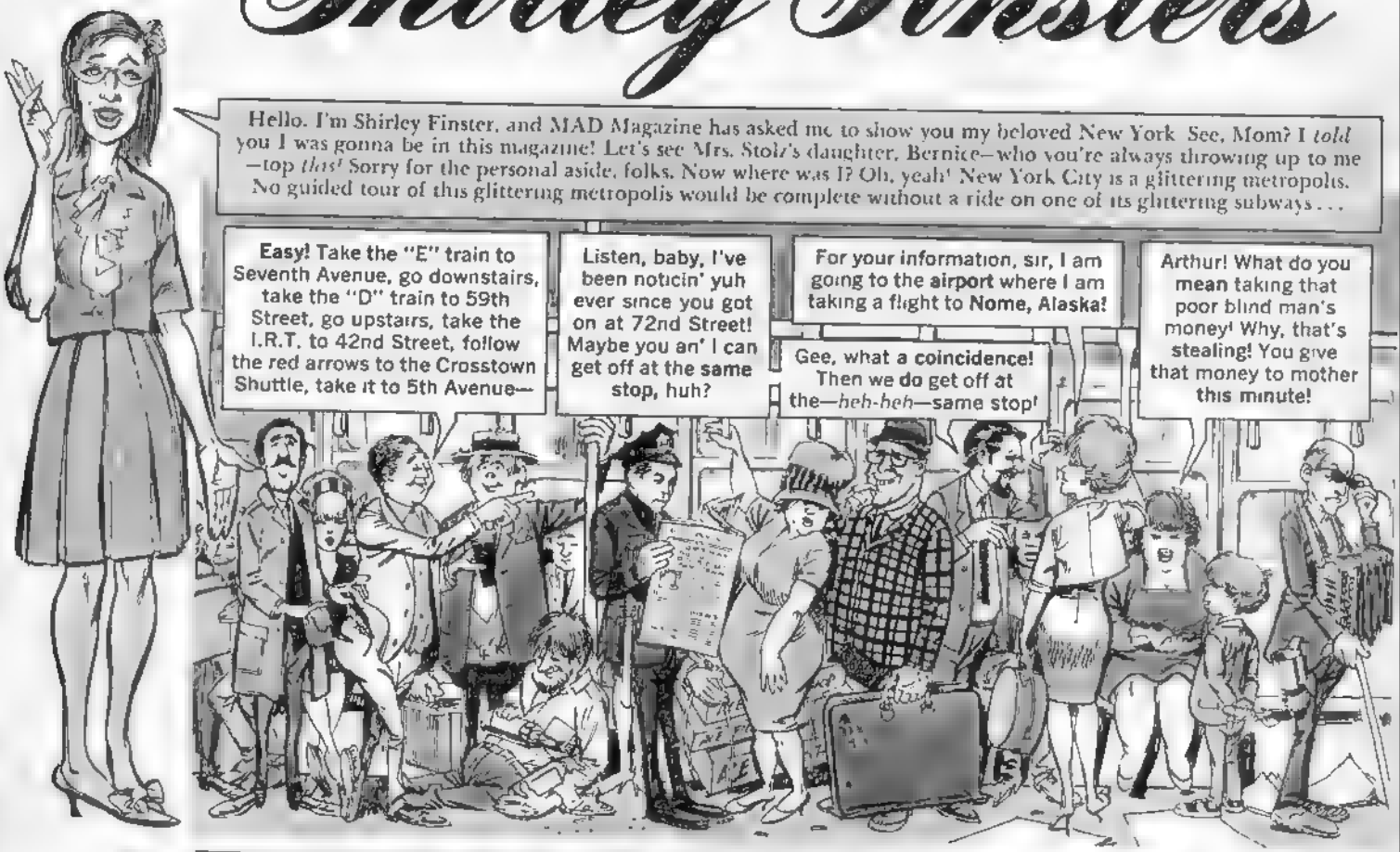
"CAN I SEE YOU AGAIN NEXT SATURDAY NIGHT?"



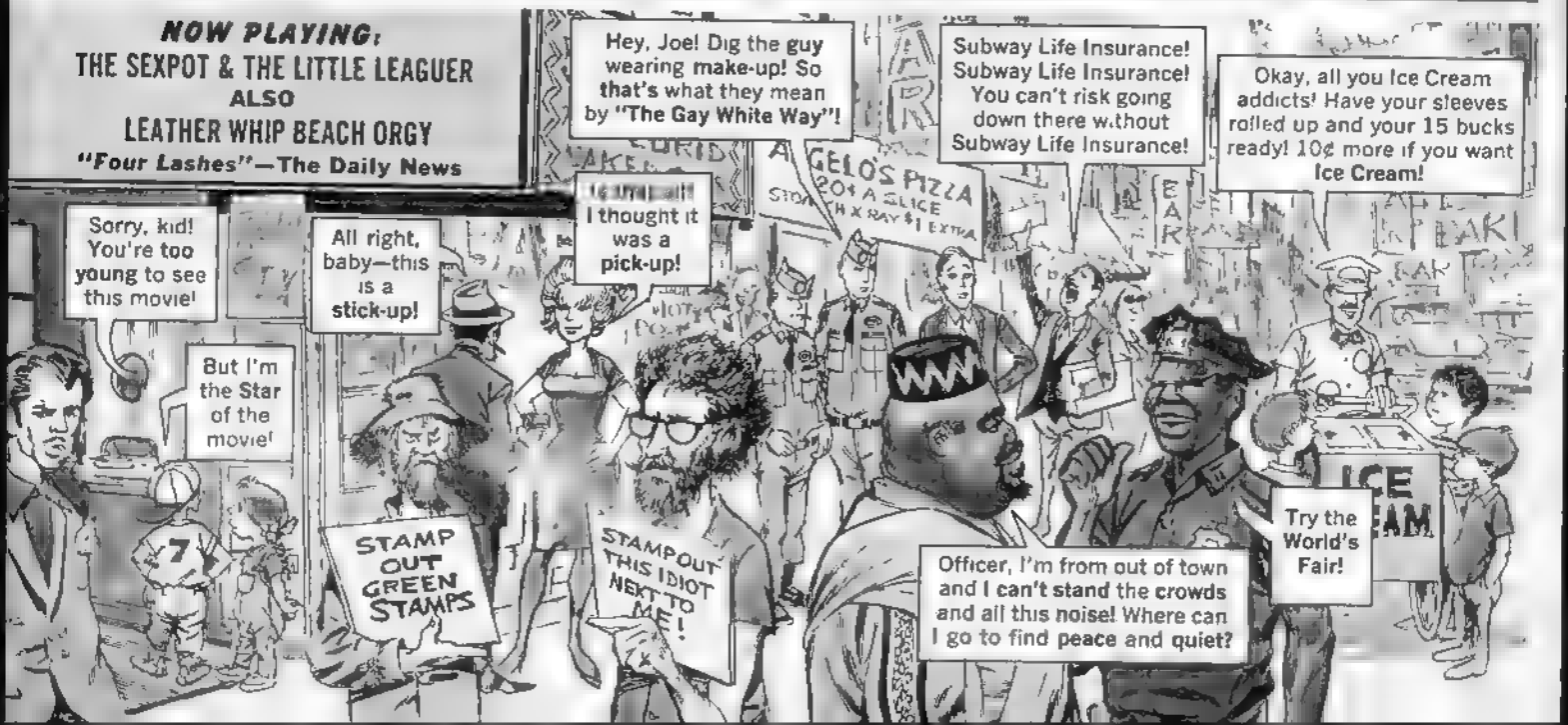
TOUR DE FARCE DEPT.

Television has a new gimmick that already looks like it's being run into the ground. We're talking about these "Specials" devoted to tours of the world's most beautiful cities and countries conducted by the world's most beautiful women. There's only one trouble with these shows: The gorgeous tour-guides are so distracting that nobody looks at the scenery. F'rinstance, we've been treated to interesting views of Liz Taylor showing us—if you were idiot enough to notice—London somewhere in the background. Then there was Sophia

Shirley Finster's



Hi, Aunt Lena! What do you think of your good-for-nothing niece, Shirley, now? Here I am at Broadway and 42nd Street, showing all the MAD readers the heart of our glittering metropolis— Times Square! Oh—give my regards to Uncle Max!

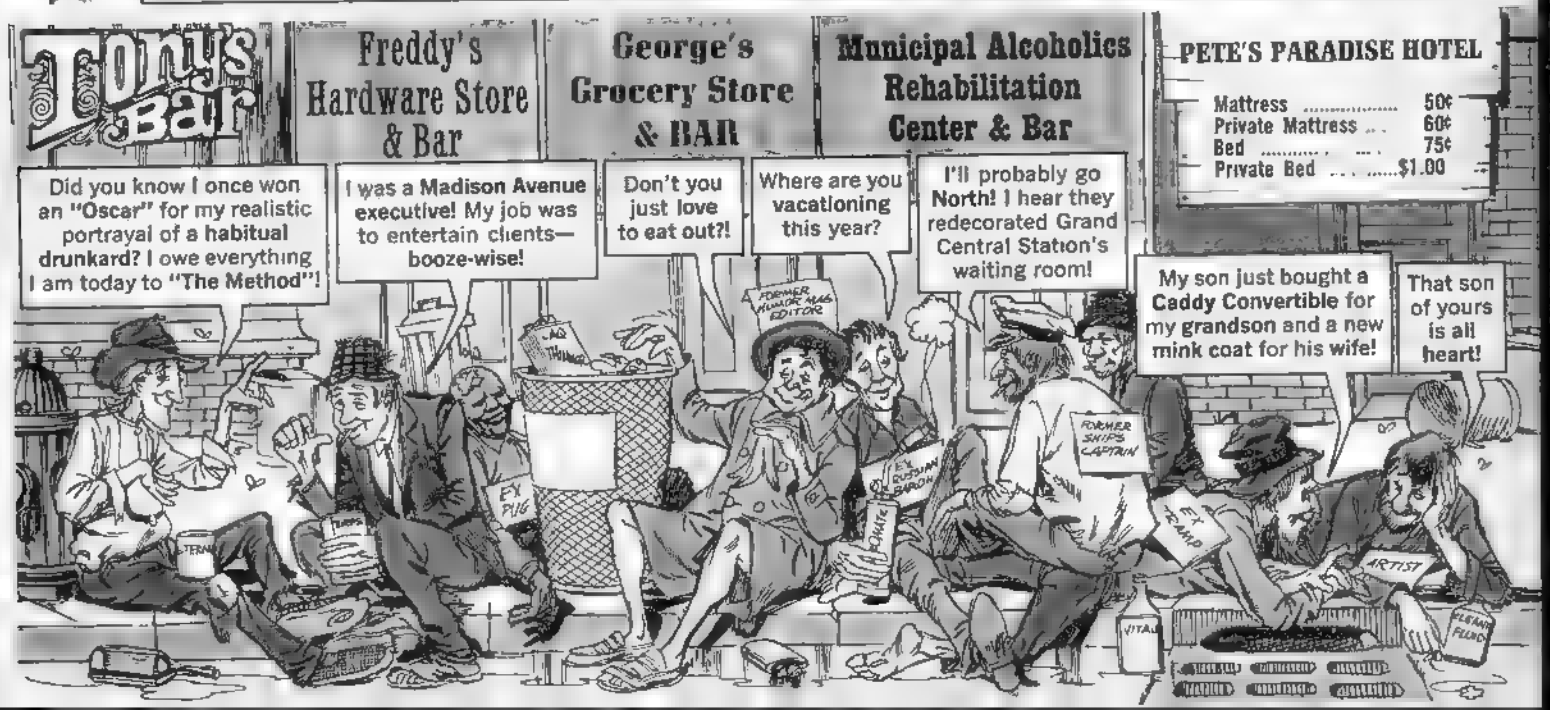


Loren's study of Rome—or was it Milan? We forgot. We were too busy studying Miss Loren. After that came Inger Stevens' Sweden, Melina Mercouri's Greece and Ava Gardner's Spain—all with the same problem. MAD feels that Television should make up its mind. Either show us the places, or show us the girls—not both. To illustrate, here is a MAD tour of the world-famous city without a beautiful, curvaceous, world-famous woman to distract you. In fact, we've chosen someone nobody would notice, or even want to. Let's look at:

NEW YORK

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITERS: RONALD AXE & SOL WEINSTEIN

And this is another famous landmark in our glittering metropolis—The Bowery—where yesterday's *"Social Drinkers"* are today's *"Social Outcasts"*. I think that means they're bums! We must pity them and—Uncle Louis! What are *you* doing here?



This is Killman's Gym, where the manly art of self-defense is practiced by some of the finest young men around under the benevolent eyes of their equally fine managers . . . sportsmen all. How's *that* for sarcasm! Anyway, here is where many professional fighters train to reach the highest goal of their profession—mainly to own their own bar . . .

They say this Kowalski is really ready this time! What do you think it'll take to beat him, Rocky?

Oh—about fifty grand!

Okay, boys—Then it's all set!

Right! Rocky knocks out Kowalski in the 3rd round!

Then, in April, we stage the return bout in Kowalski's home town!

Yeah! And this time, Kowalski upsets Rocky! That'll set up the big "rubber match" at the Garden! But who wins that one?

Who knows?! That's what makes Boxing the great sport that it is!!

I unnerstan' that the State Boxing Commission's gonna clean up the fight game!

Yeah, but who's gonna clean up the State Boxing Commission?

This is the Brillo Building—the home of America's genius songwriters and publishers—men like Anka Shmanka and Seal Nedaka, who have helped to bring the level of popular music to what it is today. We owe these people our thanks . . . Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

Sir, I saw your ad saying you're looking for hit songs from unknown composers, and I have a tune—

Kid, I love your song already! And all it'll cost you is for the arrangements, printing, distribution and publicity! And lucky for you, my partner just happens to be an arranger, a printer, a publicity agent and a distributor!

Don't you want to hear my song first?

Not necessary, kid! Just leave your check! We'll take care of the rest!

Fourflusher Music, Ltd.

Bomm-bob-a-bomm-bomm Wha-oh, wha-oh, whahh, Ranga-langa-lang-lang, Rip-diddy-rip-diddy-dum!

Stu—that's your most sensitive lyric by far! Only I'm not too crazy about the melody!

SURFBOARD PUBLISHING, CO.

Hi! Wally Baby . . .

Well, if it ain't Rockin' Robby Russel . . . New York's favorite disc jockey!

Just sorta dropped in by coincidence, Wally, baby . . .

Wanna hear another coincidence? Just happened to have this envelope of cash for you! By the way, Rob, when's the next "coincidence" due?

Let's leave it to fate . . . like, say, next Thursday at 2:15! I'll play both sides . . .

PAYOLA & ASSOCIATES
Record Promotion & Publicity

No! No! No! NO! I want something the public's never heard before! Something new, fresh and daring!

Like—uh—"Moon River"?

Exactly!

Cesspool Music, Inc.

And lastly, but not leastly, let's look in on a typical office along glittering Madison Avenue, where high-powered account executives and copy men struggle to sell products with intelligence and good taste, as the ads they produce will testify:

Gentlemen, it will be your job to introduce the world to our new product—SERENEX! Unlike other drugs with their harmful, sometimes fatal side effects, SERENEX has no effect whatsoever . . . which automatically makes it superior to any other wonder drug on the market today!

Incredible! A drug that absolutely cannot do any harm!

The perfect product! They can't say we have a "Public be damned" attitude now—damn them!

I can promise you, C. G., that we here at BBB&B will give "Serenex" the best possible exposure on television! But Jim Snowjob, here, can tell you more about that . . .

Right, C. G. My network will give you the type of TV show that will represent to the public everything that your product stands for!

I've got a show in mind that'll be in prime time on the hottest night of the week, with a guaranteed 35.6 rating—a show for the whole family . . . with sex, violence, spectacle, warmth, suspense, music—

But I don't like music!

—warmth, suspense, and best of all—no music!

Fine! What's the show about?

About? Uh—it's about America! Your America, my America, and the America of 35.6 million happy TV viewers!!

Can you be more specific about the show itself?

The show itself? Why it will be a show that will make "Serenex" the top-selling drug product in the world! That's what it'll be about!

I love it!

Miss Travers! Get me "Program Development"! Mort, baby . . . ? We just clinched the "Serenex" sponsorship! Get the writers together! The idea? As usual, I had to come up with it myself! It's a show about America—your America and mine! Take it from there and work out the details!

And so, as the sun sinks slowly behind the skyline of glittering New York, we say goodbye to my glittering metropolis! This is Shirley Finster, thanking you all for allowing me to come into your living rooms, or wherever else you may be reading this! Good night! Good night, Mom! Good night, Pop! Good night, Cousin Jake . . . and Gertrude and Leslie and Susan and Jamie and the Gang at Pop's Pizza—

LAME-BRAIN GAMES DEPT.

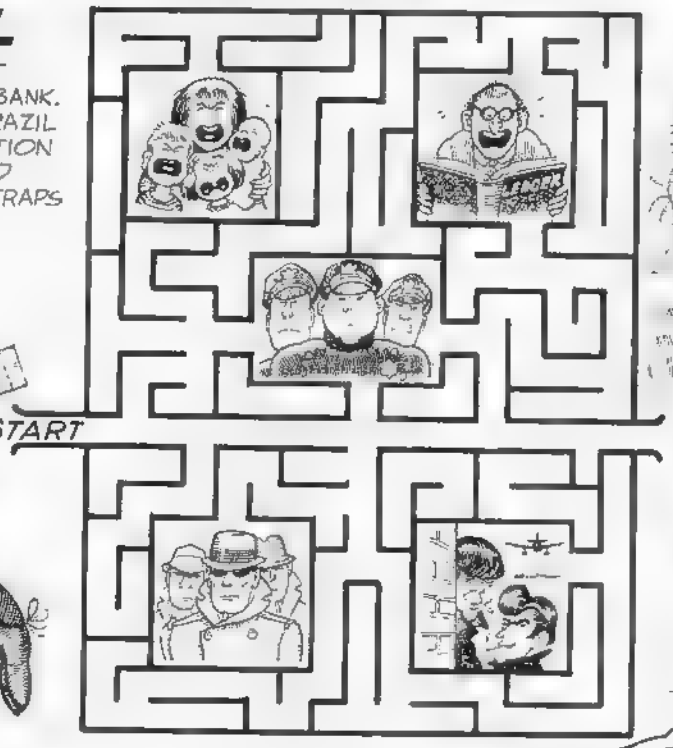
MAD'S PUZZLE

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

A TRIP TO BRAZIL

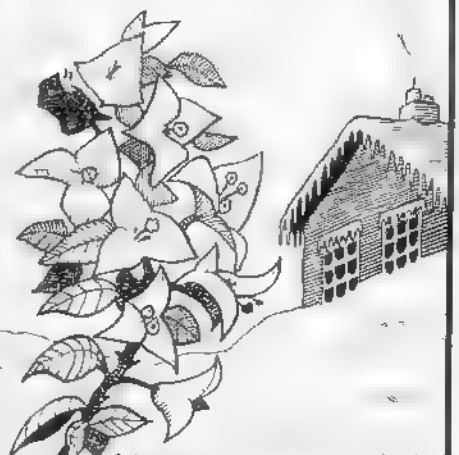
CHARLIE FINSTERNICK HAS JUST EMBEZZLED $ 3,000,000 FROM HIS BANK. SEE IF YOU CAN GET HIM SAFELY TO BRAZIL BEFORE IT ESTABLISHES AN EXTRADITION TREATY WITH THE UNITED STATES, AND WITHOUT RUNNING INTO THESE FIVE TRAPS ALONG THE WAY:

1. WIFE AND SCREAMING KIDS
2. BANK EXAMINER
3. POLICE
4. F.B.I.
5. TEENAGE HOODS HANGING AROUND AIRPORT.



COLORING CORNER

THIS IS THE BEAUTIFUL AND COLORFUL ***BOUGAINVILLEA PLANT.*** CAN YOU GUESS HOW TO COLOR IT? (***SEE ANSWER BELOW***)

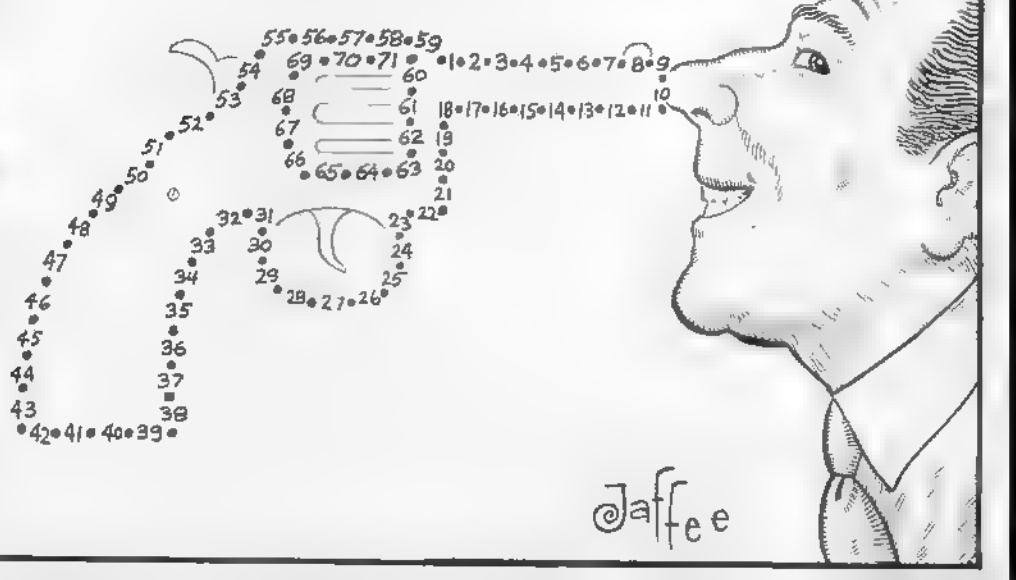


ANSWER

COLOR IT ***DEAD!*** ANY IDIOT KNOWS THAT THE ***BOUGAINVILLEA*** IS A TROPICAL PLANT AND COULDN'T POSSIBLY ***SURVIVE*** THE HIDEOUS CLIMATE PICTURED HERE!

CONNECT THE DOTS AND GET A BIG SURPRISE!

IF YOU FOLLOW THE NUMBERS AND CONNECT EACH DOT, A SURPRISE PICTURE WILL APPEAR. YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT IT IS, SO GET RIGHT TO WORK AND SATISFY YOUR CURIOSITY. ALL WE CAN SAY IS THAT WHEN YOU ARE DONE, YOU WILL GET A BIG ***BANG*** OUT OF IT! IN FACT, IT'S A REAL ***KILLER-DILLER!*** THE WHOLE IDEA IS HOT AS A ***PISTOL!*** SO ***SHOOT*** THE WORKS ON THIS ONE, GANG!



PAGE

ONE REASON THIS NEW FEATURE WAS CREATED IS BECAUSE, ***MAD*** READERS ARE BRILLIANT, INTELLIGENT YOUNG PEOPLE WHO MIGHT ENJOY SOMETHING CHALLENGING LIKE THIS. ANOTHER REASON IS THAT THEY ARE ALSO LAZY SLOBS, AND DOING THESE PUZZLES IS ABOUT AS EASY AS LOUNGING AROUND WATCHING ***TV*** ALL DAY.

PUZZLES ◎ RIDDLES ✱ BRAIN-TWISTERS REBUSES ◎ POSERS ▣ CROSSWORDS ▣ INANITIES ☆ AND OTHER TIMEWASTERS

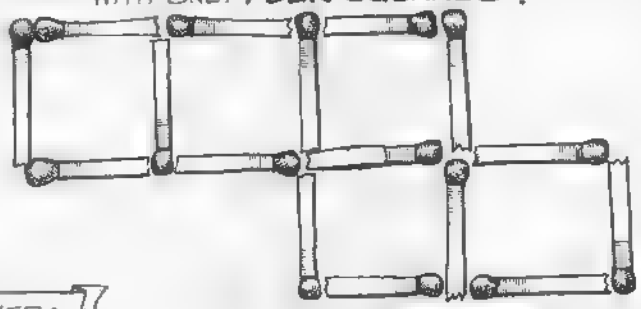
FIND THE NEEDLE

WE'VE HIDDEN A ***NEEDLE*** SOMEWHERE IN THIS ***STACK!*** CAN YOU FIND IT? LET'S SEE HOW ***SHARP*** YOU ARE!

ANSWER: COULDN'T FIND IT? BOY, ARE YOU BLIND! THIS IS NOT A ***HAYSTACK!*** IT'S A BIG ***PILE*** OF ***NEEDLES!*** NOW DON'T YOU FEEL LIKE A DUMB STUPID IDIOT!

SOLVE THE MATCH PUZZLE

THESE MATCHES ARE ARRANGED TO FORM ***FIVE SQUARES.*** CAN YOU MOVE JUST ***TWO*** OF THESE MATCHES, AND END UP WITH ONLY ***FOUR SQUARES?***



ANSWER: OF COURSE YOU CAN'T! THESE MATCHES ARE ***PRINTED*** ON THIS PAPER, AND IT'S ***IMPOSSIBLE*** TO MOVE THEM!

OPTICAL ILLUSION

STARE AT THIS BLACK SPOT FOR SIX HOURS WITHOUT BLINKING. THEN TRY TO LOOK UP THE NAME AND THE NUMBER OF A GOOD EYE DOCTOR IN THE PHONE BOOK. YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO DO IT, BECAUSE EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK YOU'LL SEE BLACK SPOTS. YOU MAY ALSO SEE DOUBLE. THIS IS CALLED AN "OPTICAL ILLUSION". AFTER YOU HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS FUN, GET SOME FRIEND TO CALL AN EYE DOCTOR FOR YOU. OTHERWISE, YOU MAY WIND UP WITH THIS EYE TRICK PERMANENTLY!

ROLLICKING REBUS

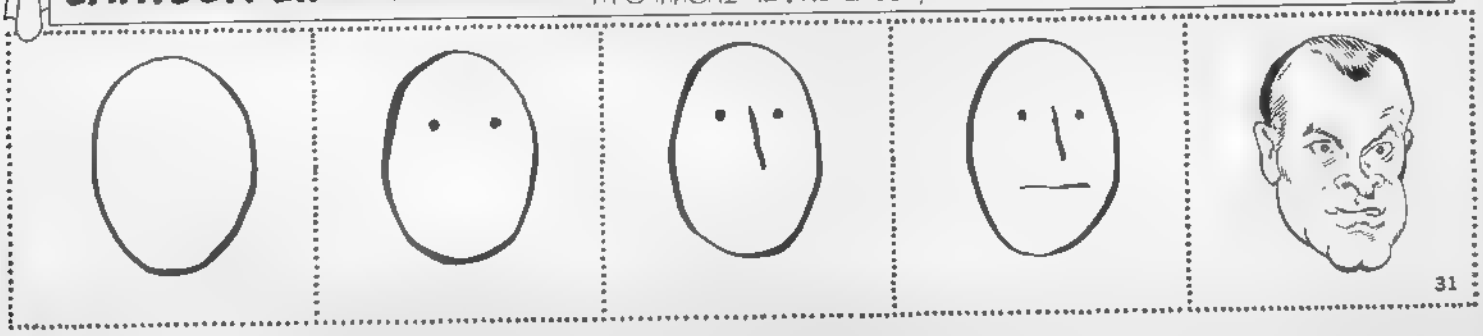
IDENTIFY THE PICTURES, ADD AND SUBTRACT THE LETTERS AS DIRECTED, AND SEE IF YOU CAN DISCOVER THE MAGIC WORD.

. . . . . .

IF YOUR ANSWER IS 'ANTIDISESTABLISHMENTARIANISM", BETTER CHECK YOUR ARITHMETIC. IF YOUR ANSWER IS "BRTXNTLBE", YOU MADE THE STUPID MISTAKE OF IDENTIFYING THE LITTLE DOTS IN PICTURE FOUR AS "ANTS", WHICH THEY ARE NOT. ACTUALLY, THEY'RE JUST LITTLE DOTS. AND IF YOU SKIPPED DOING THIS PUZZLE ENTIRELY, YOU SHOWED RARE INTELLIGENCE.

HOW TO DRAW GREAT CARTOON LIKENESSES

THIS MONTH'S GUEST ART TEACHER IS THE RENOWNED CARICATURIST, IRVING DRUCKER. SOME OF YOU MAY THINK THAT IRVING'S STYLE IS COPIED FROM ANOTHER "*DRUCKER*" WHO APPEARS ELSEWHERE IN THIS MAGAZINE. ACTUALLY, IT'S THE OTHER WAY AROUND.



MAD'S Modern Believe It or Nuts!

SAL FABIAN

TEEN AGE ROCK'N'ROLL STAR, EARNS 2 MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR ... AND YET, *HAS NOT BOUGHT HIS PARENTS A NEW* $80,000 HOME !!

ON MAY 7, 1965 ALEX T. BOSCH, A MEMBER OF THE BROADWAY THEATER CARPENTERS UNION, LOCAL 303, CAME HOME WITH THE ASTOUNDING SUM OF $4700.28 AS HIS SALARY FOR ONE WEEK!

IT WAS *ASTOUNDING* BECAUSE HE'D ONLY WORKED *HALF-DAYS* THAT WEEK!

USUALLY, MEMBERS OF THE BROADWAY THEATER CARPENTERS UNION AVERAGE *TWICE* THAT MUCH!

CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA, PA. IS *NOT DULL!* IT JUST *SEEMS* THAT WAY BECAUSE IT'S RIGHT NEXT TO "EXCITING" *CAMDEN, N.J*

"MR. YVONNE"

A NOTED LADIES' HAIRDRESSER AND BEAUTICIAN, *DOES NOT TALK WITH A LISP,* AND DOES NOT *"SASHAY"* WHEN HE WALKS!

HE *DOES* HOWEVER, HAVE THEIR BRONX TENEMENT APARTMENT *REPAINTED* EVERY THREE YEARS!

(*MAINLY BECAUSE HE'S THE LANDLORD OF THEIR BUILDING*)

CHOPPED LIVER

IN THE SHAPE OF A SWAN WAS CREATED BY CATERER MILTON FORBUSH FOR THE LAVISH BAR MITZVAH OF SHELDON STOBOFSKY of Huntington, N.Y.

UNFORTUNATELY, THE WHOLE THING WAS THROWN OUT BY MRS. STOBOFSKY WHO HAD DISTINCTLY ORDERED TUNA FISH SALAD IN THE SHAPE OF A *NIGHTINGALE!*

(*MRS. STOBOFSKY HERSELF IS IN THE SHAPE OF A PHEASANT*)

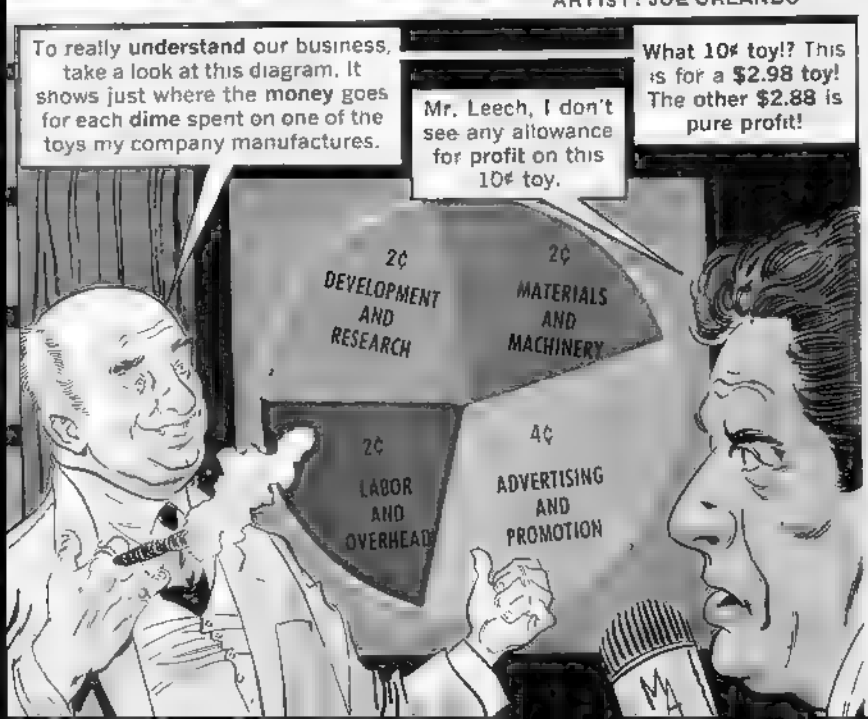
HOWEVER, WHEN ANGERED, HE HAS BEEN KNOWN TO HIT CUSTOMERS WITH HIS HANDBAG!

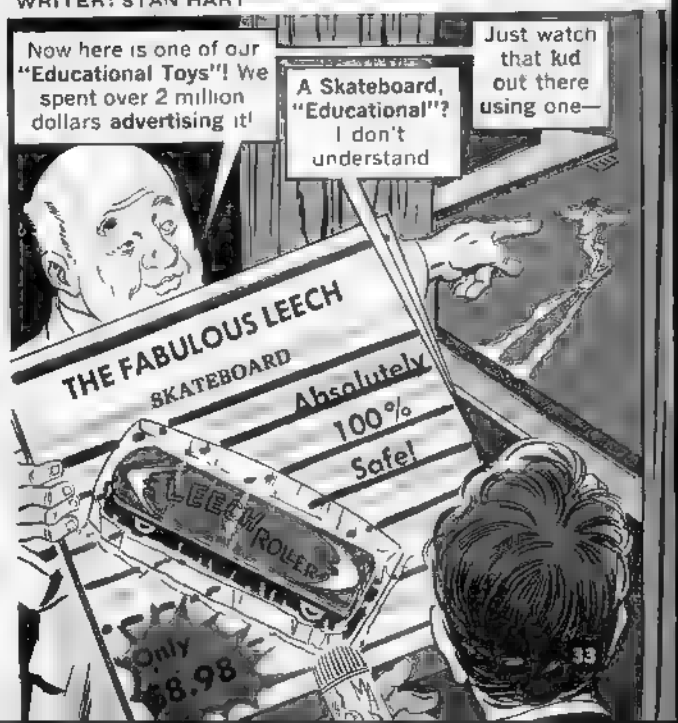
TOTS MY LINE DEPT.

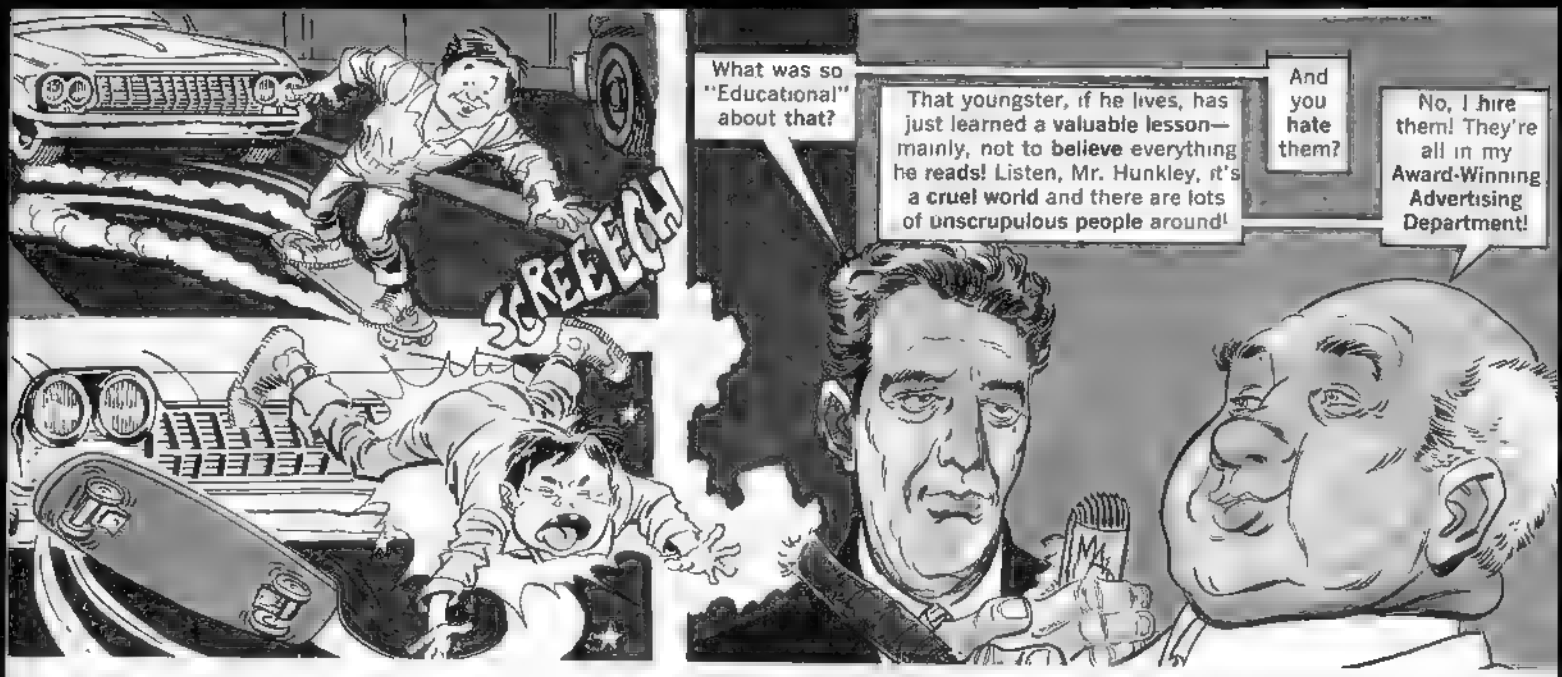
It's Christmas time once again, and the sound of happy laughter is echoing over the land. But we're not talking about the innocent giggles of children. We're talking about the gleeful cackling of that greedy little band of charlatans—the money-hungry toy manufacturers. And so, what better time than now for MAD to interview . . .

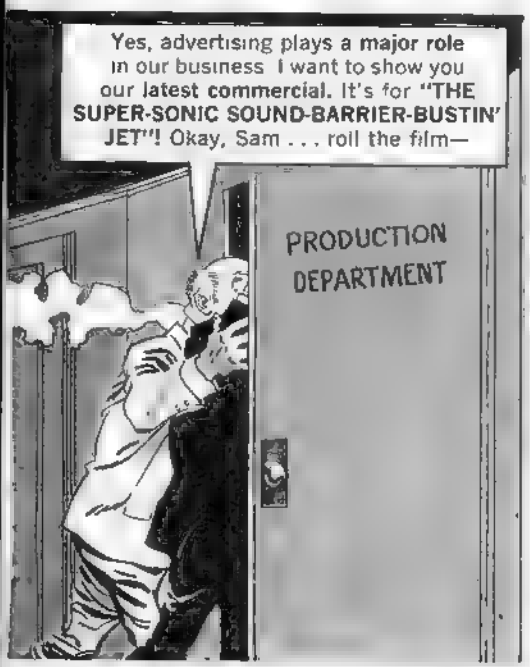
THE TOY MANUFACTURER OF THE YEAR

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: STAN HART



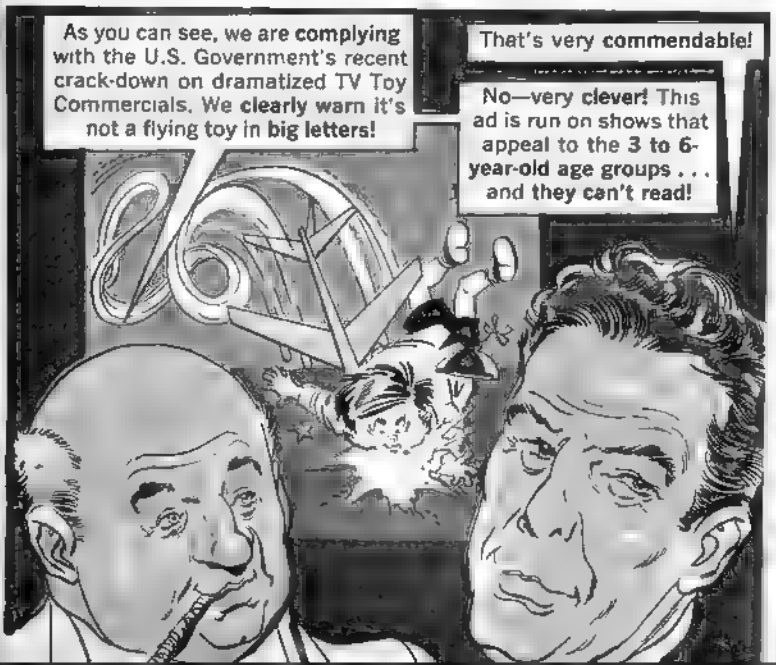


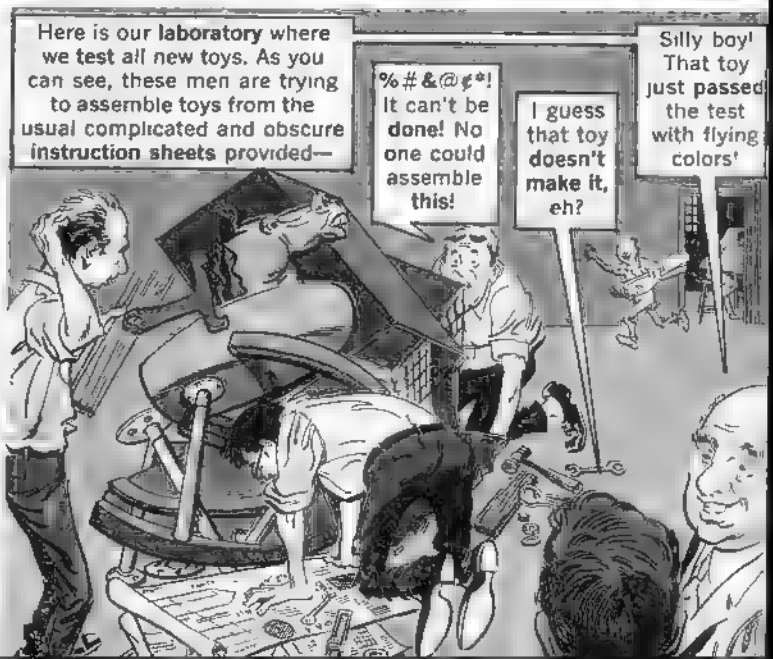

SCREECH!
What was so "Educational" about that?
That youngster, if he lives, has just learned a valuable lesson—mainly, not to believe everything he reads! Listen, Mr. Hunkley, it's a cruel world and there are lots of unscrupulous people around!
And you hate them?
No, I hire them! They're all in my Award-Winning Advertising Department!

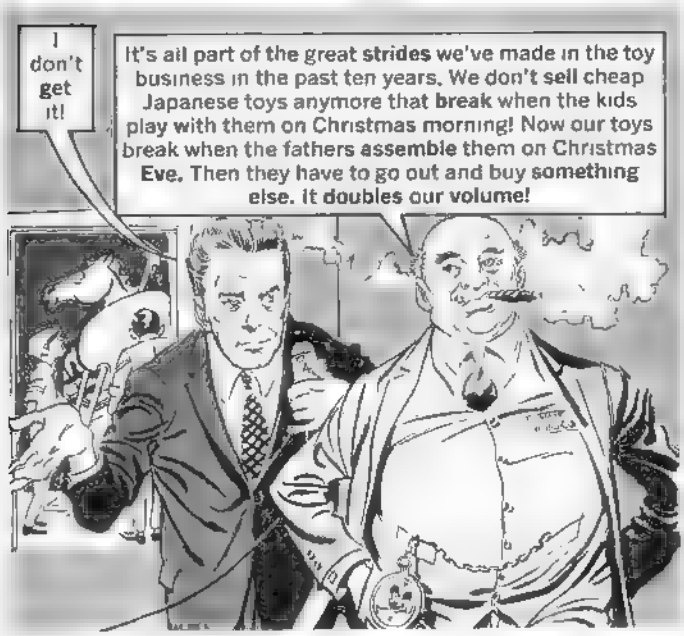

Yes, advertising plays a major role in our business I want to show you our latest commercial. It's for "THE SUPER-SONIC SOUND-BARRIER-BUSTIN' JET"! Okay, Sam . . . roll the film—
PRODUCTION DEPARTMENT

Hey, kids! Just watch the new "SUPER-SONIC SOUND-BARRIER-BUSTIN' JET" go! See it zoom high over buildings! Watch it swoop down, breaking all speed records!

Listen to it explode through the sound barrier! Be the first kid in your neighborhood to own a "SUPER-SONIC SOUND-BARRIER-BUSTIN' JET" and zoom off to new heights of fun—fun—fun!
THIS IS NOT A FLYING TOY!

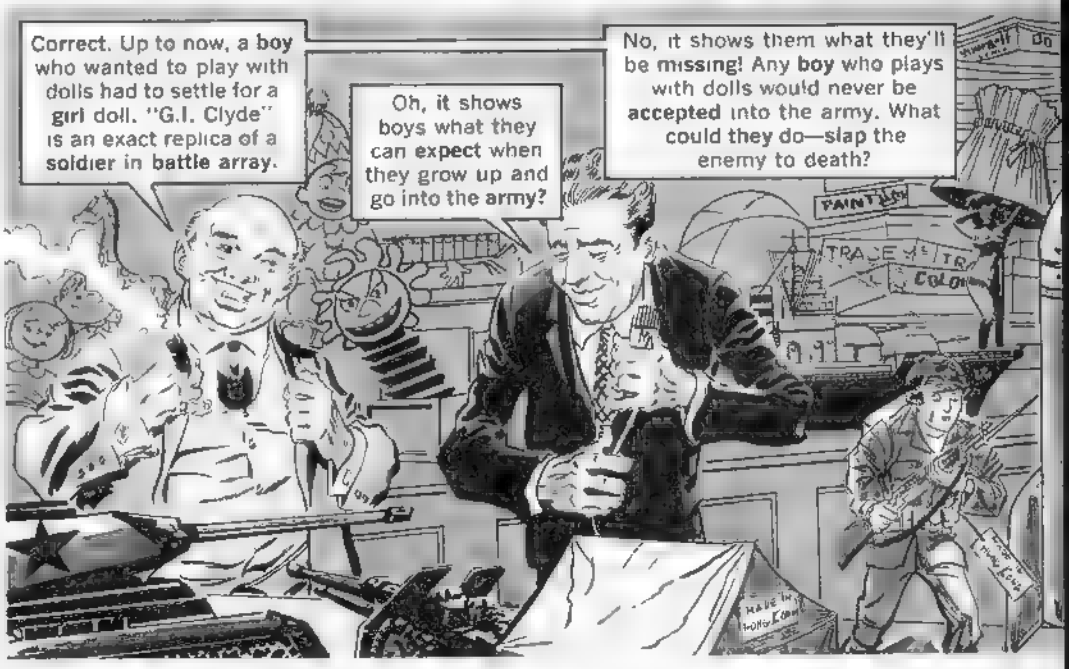

As you can see, we are complying with the U.S. Government's recent crack-down on dramatized TV Toy Commercials. We clearly warn it's not a flying toy in big letters!
That's very commendable!
No—very clever! This ad is run on shows that appeal to the 3 to 6-year-old age groups . . . and they can't read!

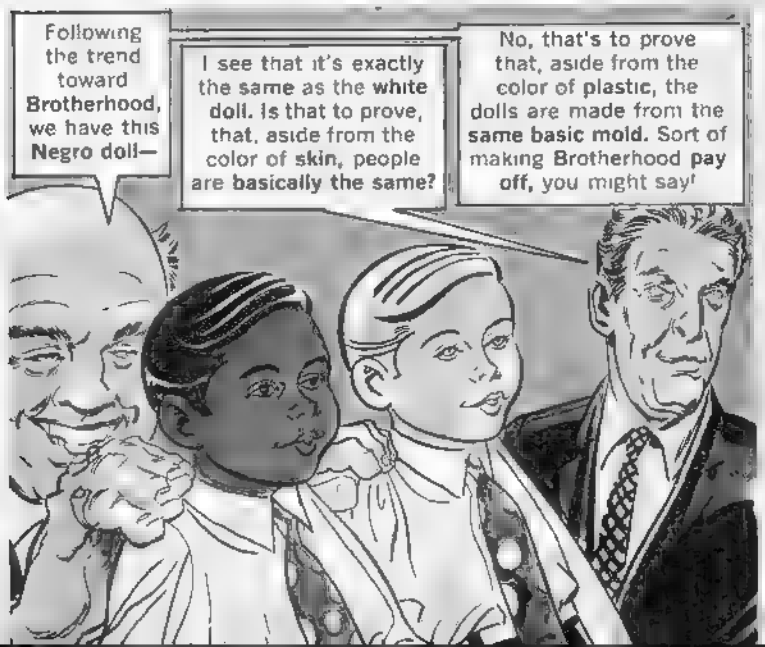

Here is our laboratory where we test all new toys. As you can see, these men are trying to assemble toys from the usual complicated and obscure instruction sheets provided—
%#&@¢*! It can't be done! No one could assemble this!
I guess that toy doesn't make it, eh?
Silly boy! That toy just passed the test with flying colors!

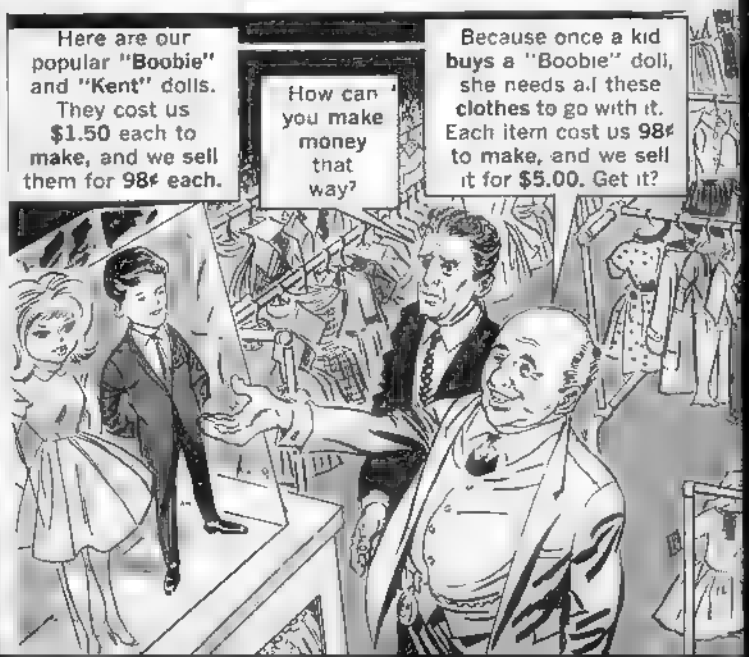

I don't get it!
It's all part of the great strides we've made in the toy business in the past ten years. We don't sell cheap Japanese toys anymore that break when the kids play with them on Christmas morning! Now our toys break when the fathers assemble them on Christmas Eve. Then they have to go out and buy something else. It doubles our volume!

Here are our dolls. Each year, they become more realistic. First, we had "Crying Cathy," who cried real tears, then "Talking Tessie," who talked, then "Walking Wendy," who walked. Now here is the ultimate in doll realism—
"Vomiting Vicky"!
And she has a boyfriend, "Nauseated Norman"!
MADE IN HONG KONG

And here's our famous "G.I. Clyde"—the soldier doll—
A doll for boys?
MADE IN HONG KONG


Correct. Up to now, a boy who wanted to play with dolls had to settle for a girl doll. "G.I. Clyde" is an exact replica of a soldier in battle array.
Oh, it shows boys what they can expect when they grow up and go into the army?
No, it shows them what they'll be missing! Any boy who plays with dolls would never be accepted into the army. What could they do—slap the enemy to death?
PAINT
TRADE MASTER
COLOR
MADE IN HONG KONG


Following the trend toward Brotherhood, we have this Negro doll—
I see that it's exactly the same as the white doll. Is that to prove, that, aside from the color of skin, people are basically the same?
No, that's to prove that, aside from the color of plastic, the dolls are made from the same basic mold. Sort of making Brotherhood pay off, you might say!


Here are our popular "Boobie" and "Kent" dolls. They cost us $1.50 each to make, and we sell them for 98¢ each.
How can you make money that way?
Because once a kid buys a "Boobie" doll, she needs all these clothes to go with it. Each item cost us 98¢ to make, and we sell it for $5.00. Get it?

We also do a fabulous business with these miniature stoves and sewing machines.

I suppose little girls just love to imitate their mothers.

Are you putting me on? If they imitated their mothers, they wouldn't go near a stove or a sewing machine. No, I'm afraid they only play with these. They soon grow out of them.

Here we have our "Activity Line." Remember when we were kids, we'd get an old broom, knock off the handle, and use it for a Stick Ball Bat? Now, I sell them "Ready-Made" for $1.00. Today, a kid doesn't have to make anything . . . he just has to buy it.

But don't kids invent games like we used to?

Listen, boys and girls don't even play "Doctor" without first buying our Official "Ben Casey" kit.

I guess you're always on the lookout for new things.

Not necessarily. Sometimes we just give an old thing a new twist, get a catchy name for it, quadruple the price, and advertise the heck out of it. Like this new item . . .

But that's just an ordinary 15¢ rubber ball . . .

That's what YOU think!

THE AMAZING NEW L-57 Gravity-Defying METEORITE

It's absolutely round! Throw it down . . . it bounces up! Throw it up . . . it bounces down! Amaze your friends!

"THE L-57 GRAVITY-DEFYING METEORITE" IS MADE FROM THE SAME MATERIAL DEVELOPED AND USED IN AIR FORCE B-52 BOMBER TIRES!

NOW ONLY $1.00

But don't kids realize that it's a cheat and a deception?

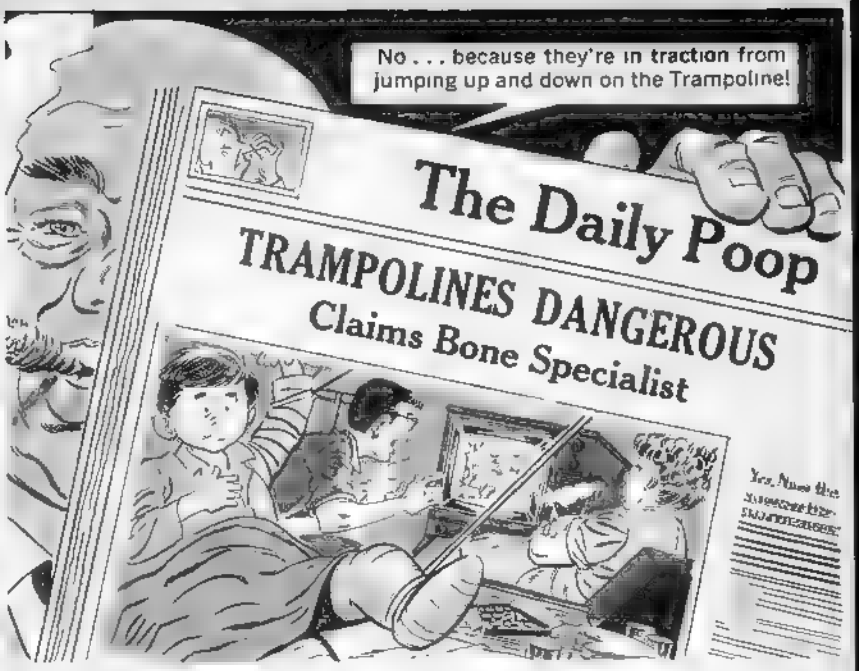
What do they know? Do they realize that Captain Kangaroo is neither a Captain nor a Kangaroo?

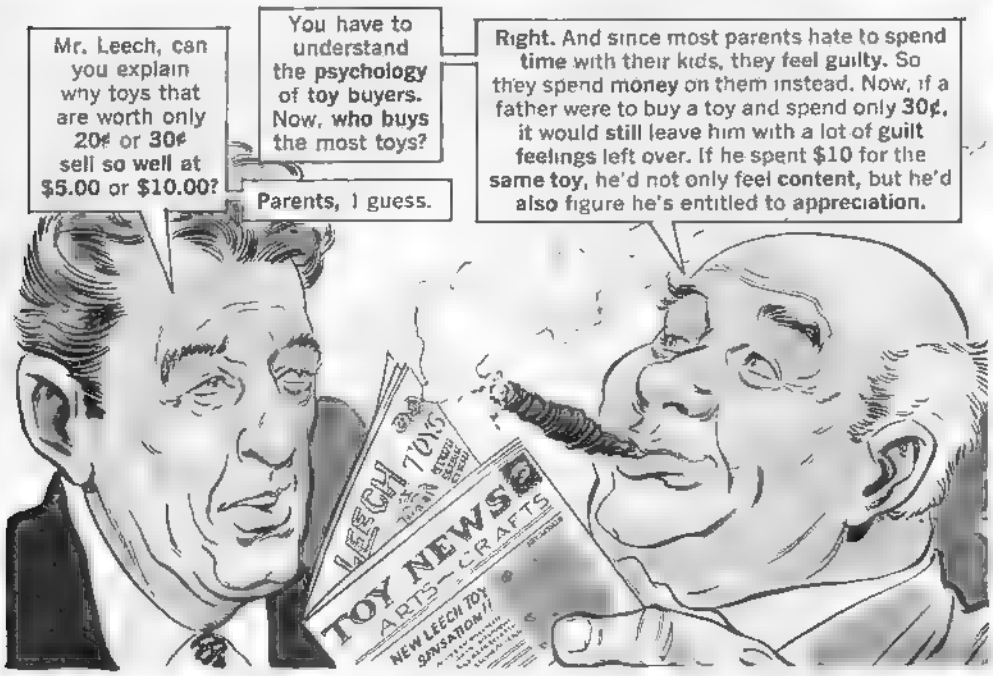
This is our fabulously successful "Model Kit" division. We put all the left over plastic scraps from our toys into a box with a giant tube of glue, and we sell it for $1.00.

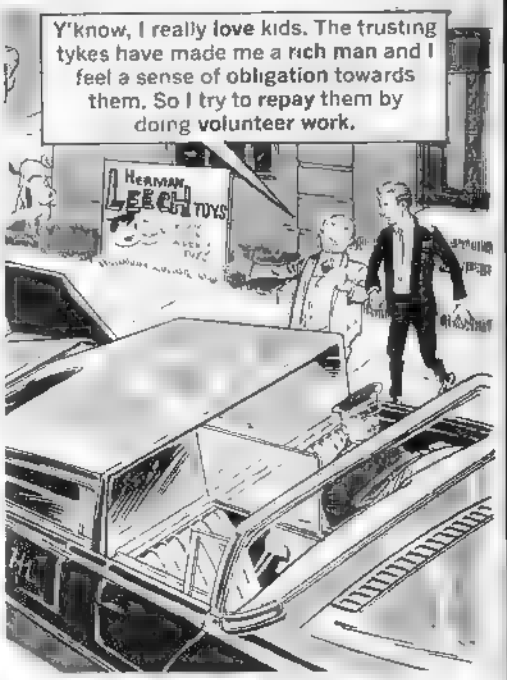
But aren't the kids unhappy when they find that these kits don't build anything?

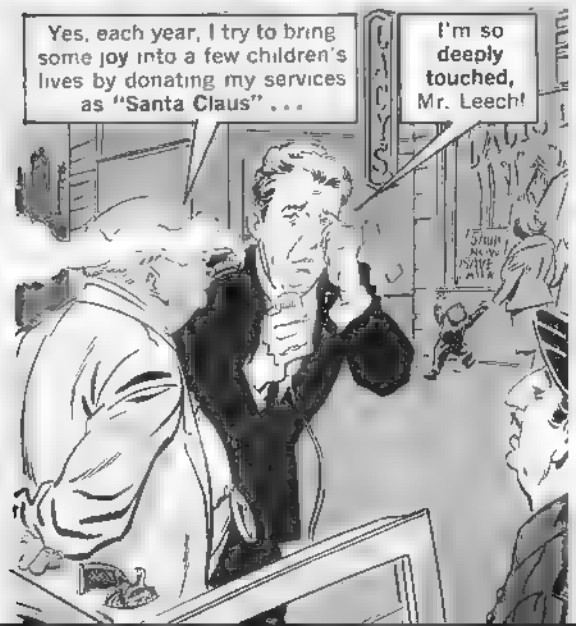
Are you kidding? After sniffing the GLUE, they're not unhappy about anything!

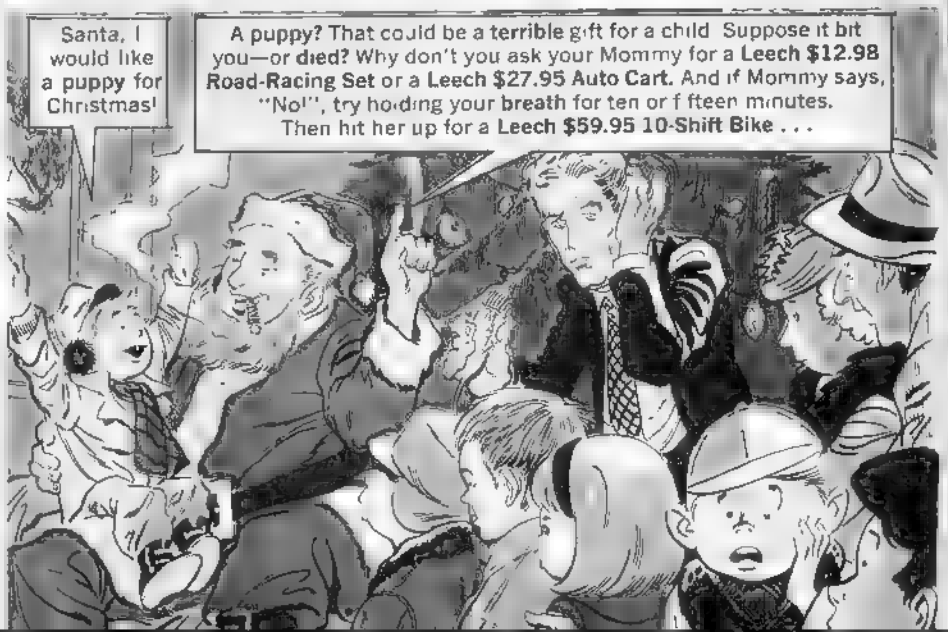
Here's a popular item . . . guaranteed to keep the kids from running around the house
Because they're exhausted from jumping up and down on the Trampoline?


No . . . because they're in traction from jumping up and down on the Trampoline!
The Daily Poop
TRAMPOLINES DANGEROUS
Claims Bone Specialist

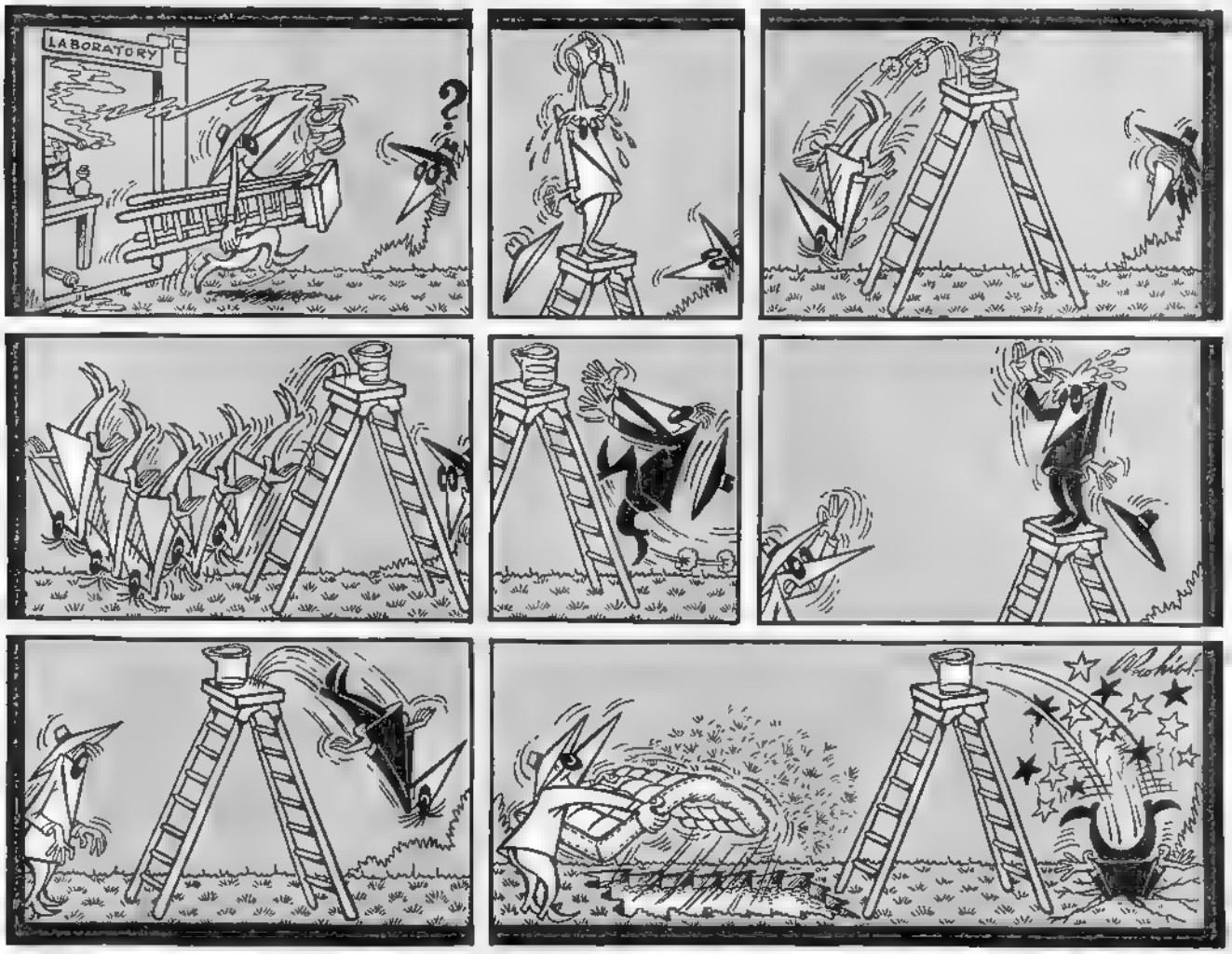

Mr. Leech, can you explain why toys that are worth only 20¢ or 30¢ sell so well at $5.00 or $10.00?
You have to understand the psychology of toy buyers. Now, who buys the most toys?
Parents, I guess.
Right. And since most parents hate to spend time with their kids, they feel guilty. So they spend money on them instead. Now, if a father were to buy a toy and spend only 30¢, it would still leave him with a lot of guilt feelings left over. If he spent $10 for the same toy, he'd not only feel content, but he'd also figure he's entitled to appreciation.
LEECH TOYS
TOY NEWS
ARTS-CRAFTS
NEW LEECH TOY SENSATION!!


Y'know, I really love kids. The trusting tykes have made me a rich man and I feel a sense of obligation towards them. So I try to repay them by doing volunteer work.
HERMAN LEECH TOYS


Yes, each year, I try to bring some joy into a few children's lives by donating my services as "Santa Claus" . . .
I'm so deeply touched, Mr. Leech!


Santa, I would like a puppy for Christmas!
A puppy? That could be a terrible gift for a child. Suppose it bit you—or died? Why don't you ask your Mommy for a Leech $12.98 Road-Racing Set or a Leech $27.95 Auto Cart. And if Mommy says, "No!", try holding your breath for ten or fifteen minutes. Then hit her up for a Leech $59.95 10-Shift Bike . . .

SPY VS SPY

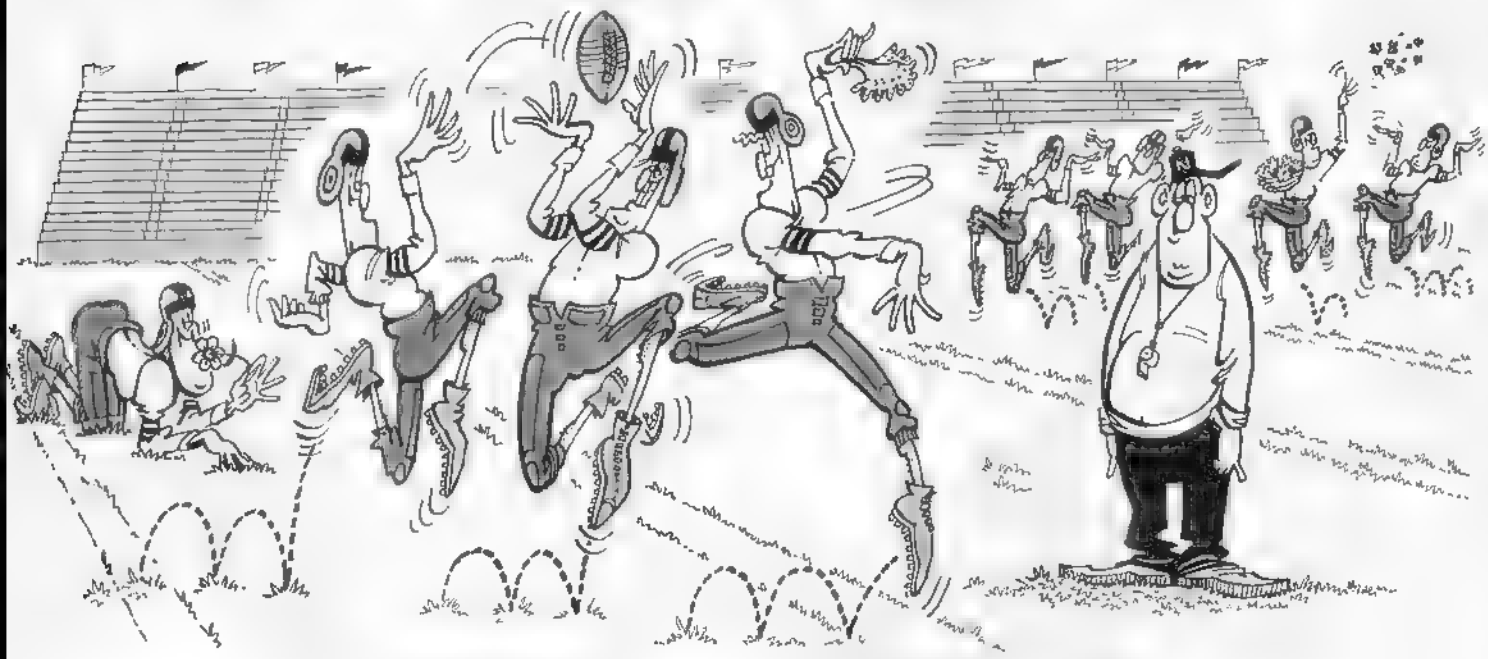


POEM OF THE BRAVE DEPT.

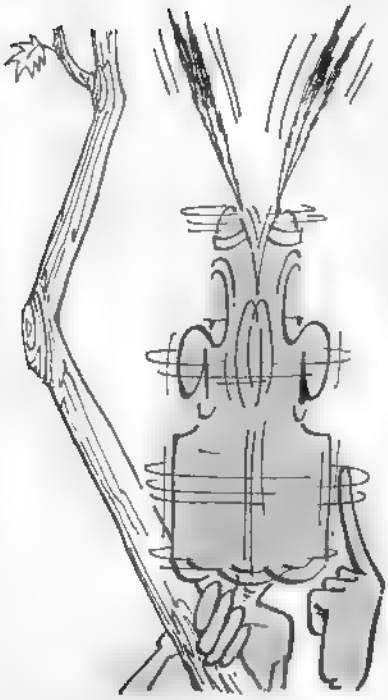
THE SWAN SONG OF A MODERN HIAWATHA

(With apologies to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's "The Song of Hiawatha")

Illustrated by Don Martin Written by Tom Koch



By a pond in Minnesota,
Near the stagnant Green-Scum-Water
Stood the campus of Nokomis,
Rotten football school, Nokomis;
Sent forth players weak and gentle:
(Mostly Horticulture Majors.)

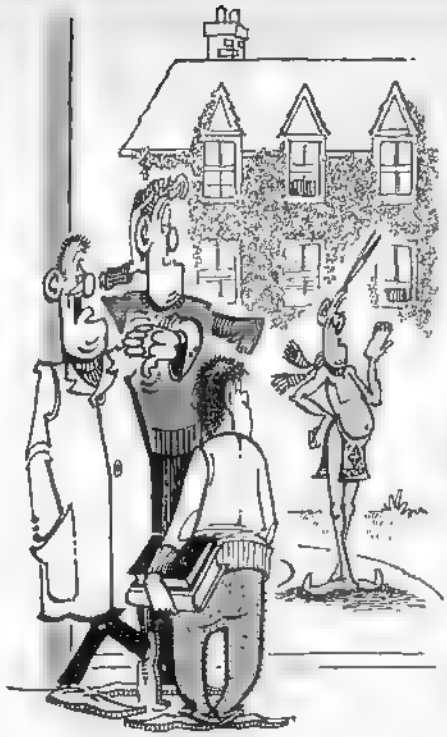


Then one autumn through the pine trees,
Through the black and gloomy forest,
Strode the freshman, Hiawatha;
Strong with limbs like reindeer sinew.
Signed to play for Memphis Normal,
He was lost and asked directions.

"Shut my mouth!" drawled Coach Kowalski,
"Y'all are here; the South awaits thee."
Hiawatha gazed in wonder
At the snow up to his armpits.
"This is Dixie?" then he mumbled.
"Stupid redskin," joshed Kowalski.

So it was that Hiawatha,
Son of Ishkoodah, the comet,
Donned his new Nokomis beanie;
Huddled in the bunk assigned him.
"Geez, it's cold!" wailed Hiawatha.
"Hush, my fullback," cooed Kowalski.

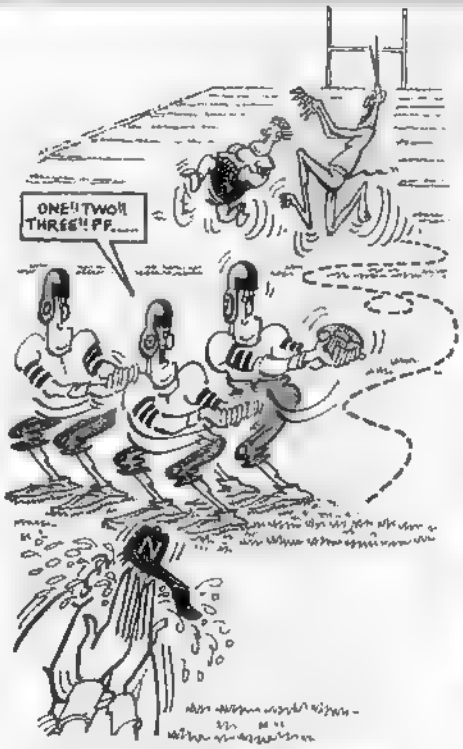
Soon the young brave, Hiawatha,
Found himself matriculated;
Signed for classes that befit him:
Simple Math and Shrubbery Pruning,
Checkers, Lunch and Water Polo.
(Perfect course; wrong institution.)



In their quest for football players,
All the frats sought Hiawatha
'Til they studied close his features.
Then, as one wheel aptly put it,
"I dunno. Could be an Injun;
Yet to me, he still looks Jewish."

One by one did Hiawatha
Learn to know the campus creatures:
Erickson, the hot rod owner,
Nippersink, the brooding Commie;
Best of all, he soon discovered
Emmie Sue, the Chi Omega.

"Ee-wa-voom!" yowled Hiawatha,
(Football practice now forgotten).
"I was taught by wrinkled Grandma
How to woo the elk and otter,
Speak of marriage to the pine cone.
THIS the old crone failed to mention."



Days of torment quickly followed
For the harried Coach Kowalski.
Left with three men in his backfield
While the fourth played hanky-panky
Out behind the pipestone quarry;
Fiendish plans engulfed the mentor.

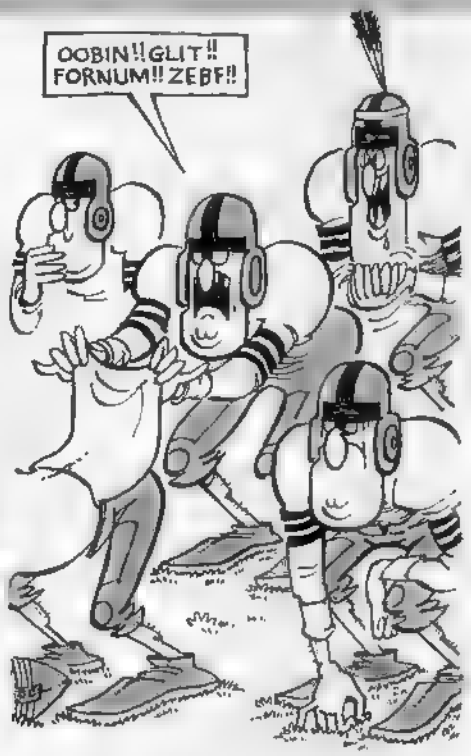
On that frigid autumn evening,
Emmie Sue, the Chi Omega,
Listened with a wide-eyed horror
As the coach, most confidential,
Warned her darkly of "the nut who
Thinks he's living now in Memphis."

Came the dawn and grieving Emmie
Sought the help of Doctor Swinehorst,
Dean of studies Psychiatric
At the Med School of Nokomis.
"All's not lost," the Doc assured her,
"If you think he can afford me."

Soon the young brave, Hiawatha,
Lay upon the couch of Swinehorst,
Lay there fearless as the birch tree.
"Tell me of your childhood trauma,"
Said the Doc with notebook handy;
"What of Mom and Dad and siblings?"

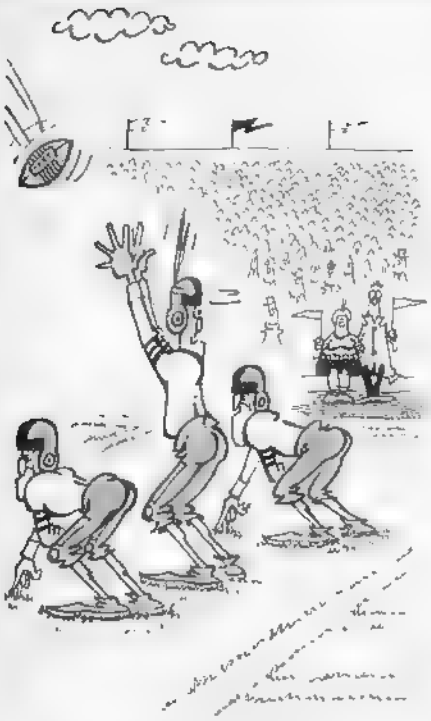
Hiawatha answered calmly,
"Daddy was a white-fire comet;
Mom a song bird in the willows.
I had many forest brothers:
Brown bear, moose and timid rabbit."
"Ach du leiber!" cried out Swinehorst.

Emmie Sue, the Chi Omega,
Heard the tragic diagnosis.
"Crazy as a loon," said Swinehorst,
"Even thinks the loon's his sister.
I'd suggest you drop this savage;
Date instead my son, the dentist."

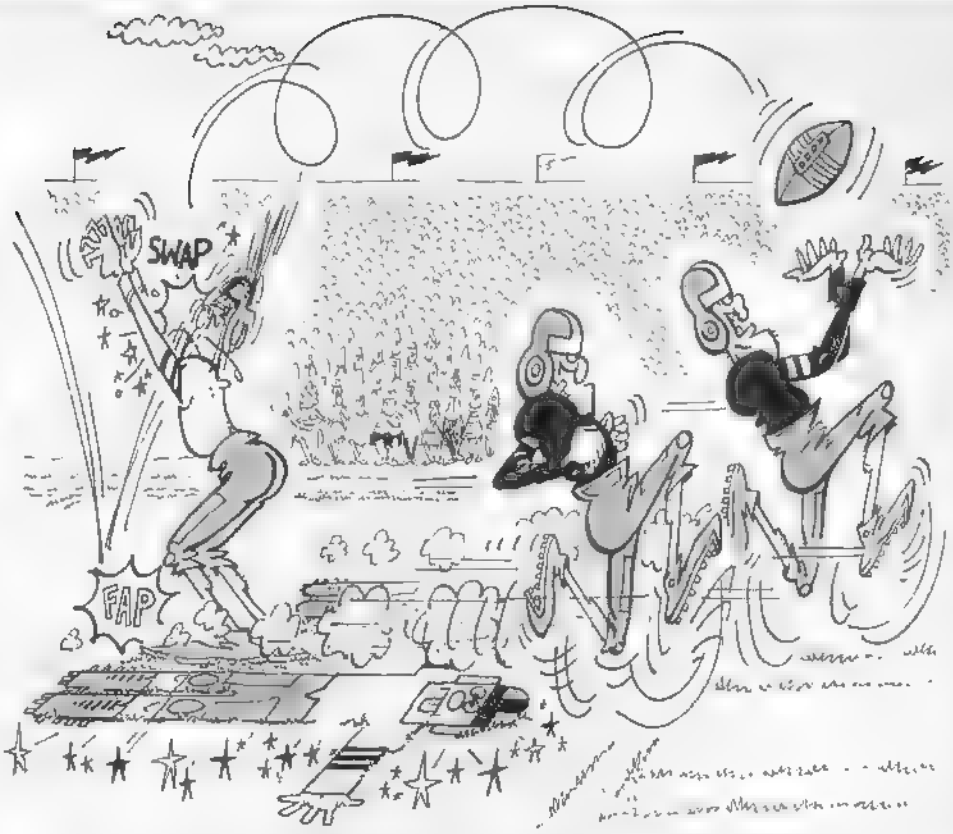


Hiawatha, broken hearted,
Now without his love beside him,
Turned his thoughts at last to football;
Learned what meant the mumbled signals
Of the quarterback, Wochowicz;
Scrimmaged 'til his bridgework rattled.

Happy then was Coach Kowalski;
Dreamed he in untroubled slumber
'Neath the full moon, Nu-see-wah-goo,
Of Nokomis, undefeated;
Dreamed of glory soon to come on
New Year's Day in Pasadena.



Only Gitchee-Goomee Teachers,
Hated rival of Nokomis,
Barred the path the coach envisioned.
Waiting tensely for the kick-off,
Hiawatha eyed the bleachers;
There sat Emmie with the dentist.



"Aush-wea-eccch!" moaned Hiawatha
As the pigskin bounced before him,
Caromed off his furrowed forehead
Toward the goal where Gitchee-Goomee's
Tackle grabbed it unmolested,
Scored the first of fourteen touchdowns.

With the Dean on Monday morning,
Hiawatha got the message:
"F" in Math and Shrubbery Pruning.
"Memphis pledged I'd pass," he bleated.
Roared the dean in tones like thunder,
"Memphis! Buster, you're in Flunksville."

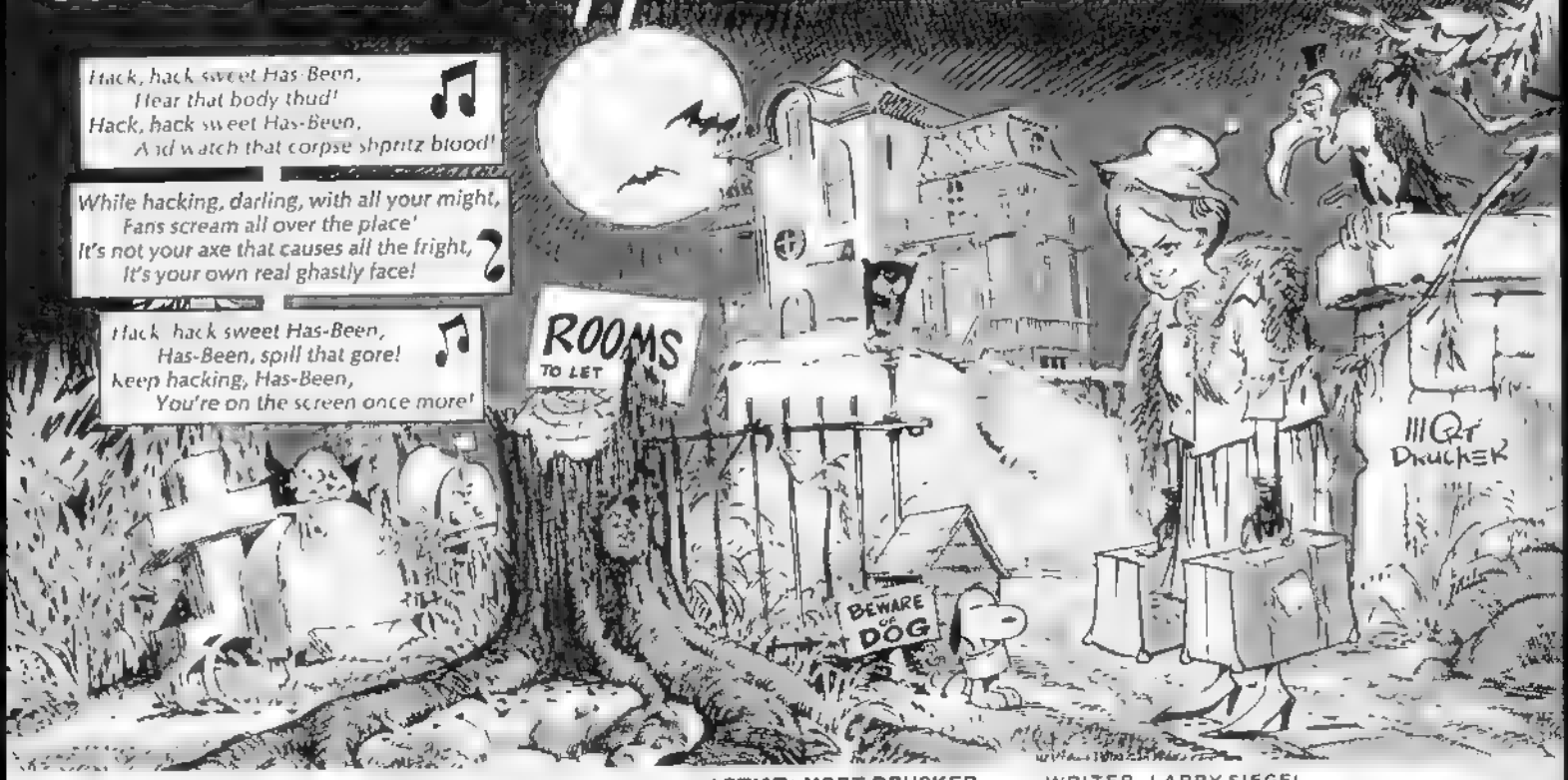
Quiet reigns now in Nokomis.
Gone is Emmie; gone the dentist;
Gone the mob that lynched Kowalski.
All that's left: a voice heard faintly;
Hiawatha, college drop-out,
Back home chatting with the chipmunk.

EIGHT OLD TOMATOES IN THAT ITTY BITTY FILM CAN DEPT.

Remember how in the good old days, as soon as an actress reached fifty, she stopped playing glamorous roles and either took nice mature mother parts, or she retired? Well things being what they are today, what with the cost of living and taxes, these old gals can't afford to retire. And there are no nice mature mother parts in movies any more because there's something too disgustingly healthy about nice mothers. So what are "Has-Been Glamour Gals" doing these days? You guessed it! They're making Horror movies! They're discarding their make-up, and they're playing maniacs and murderesses. Yes, nowadays, "Old Actresses Never Die—They Just Hack Away" at each other in movies like this here MAD version, entitled

HACK, HACK, SWEET HAS-BEEN"

or "What Ever Happened To Good Taste?"



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

STARRING

OLIVIA DeHACKAHAND... as Cousin Phoebe
BETTE DEVIOUS ... as Bubby Jean
TALLULAH BANGHEAD ... as Precious
JOAN CLAWFOOT ... as Honeybunch
BARBARA STUNWHACK ... as Poopy
MARY GHASTLIER ... as Kitchykoo
AGNES GOREHEAD ... as Charlie
VICTOR BOOBOO ... as Papa
JOSEPH CUTTIN ... as Selig

WITH

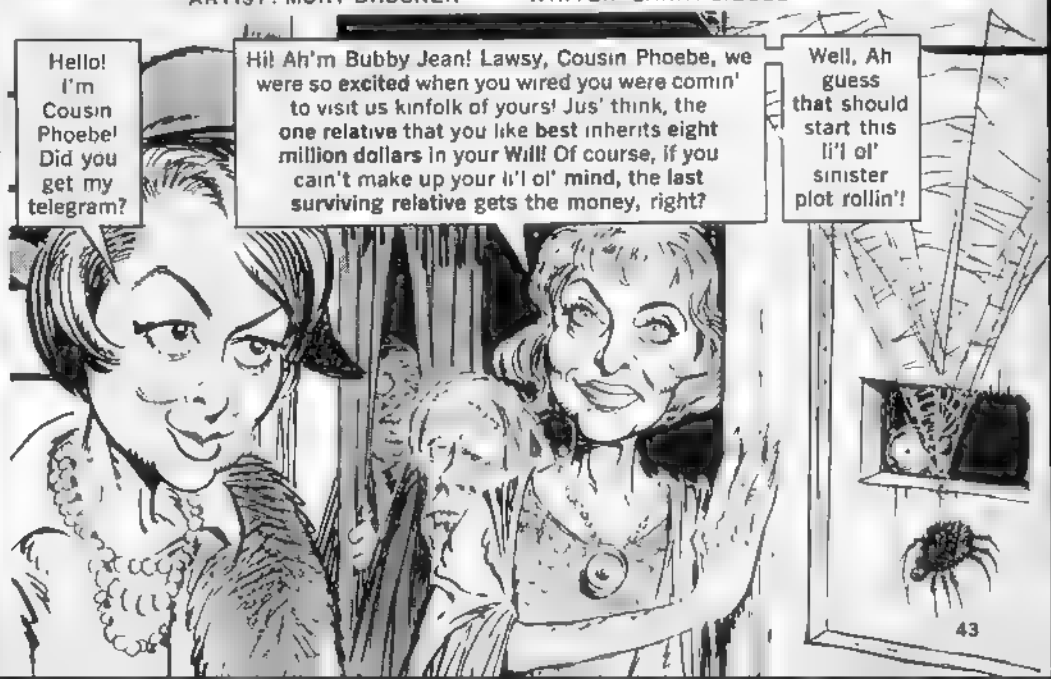
Greer Garson ... as a Headless Torso
Ginger Rogers ... as a Torsoless Head
Joan Fontaine ... as a Pool of Blood

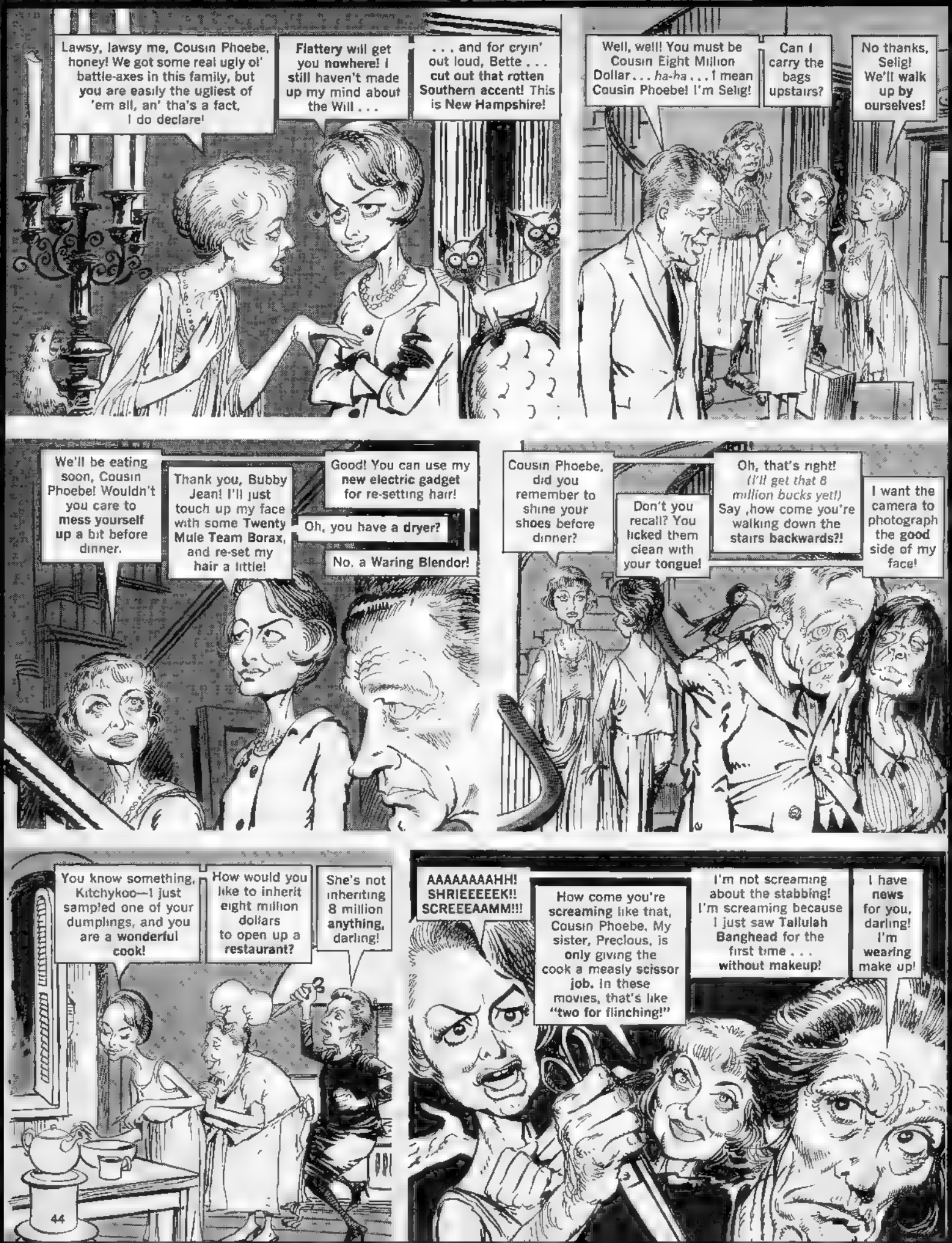
AND

The Gabor Sisters
as
Three Exposed Ganglia Nerves

AND FEATURING

Maria Ouspenskaya as Herself (Right Now)




Lawsy, lawsy me, Cousin Phoebe, honey! We got some real ugly ol' battle-axes in this family, but you are easily the ugliest of 'em all, an' tha's a fact, I do declare!
Flattery will get you nowhere! I still haven't made up my mind about the Will . . .
. . . and for cryin' out loud, Bette . . . cut out that rotten Southern accent! This is New Hampshire!
Well, well! You must be Cousin Eight Million Dollar . . . ha-ha . . . I mean Cousin Phoebe! I'm Selig!
Can I carry the bags upstairs?
No thanks, Selig! We'll walk up by ourselves!
We'll be eating soon, Cousin Phoebe! Wouldn't you care to mess yourself up a bit before dinner.
Thank you, Bubby Jean! I'll just touch up my face with some Twenty Mule Team Borax, and re-set my hair a little!
Good! You can use my new electric gadget for re-setting hair!
Oh, you have a dryer?
No, a Waring Blendor!
Cousin Phoebe, did you remember to shine your shoes before dinner?
Don't you recall? You licked them clean with your tongue!
Oh, that's right! (I'll get that 8 million bucks yet!) Say ,how come you're walking down the stairs backwards?!
I want the camera to photograph the good side of my face!
You know something, Kitchykoo—I just sampled one of your dumplings, and you are a wonderful cook!
How would you like to inherit eight million dollars to open up a restaurant?
She's not inheriting 8 million anything, darling!
AAAAAAAAHH! SHRIEEEEEK!! SCREEEAAMM!!!
How come you're screaming like that, Cousin Phoebe. My sister, Precious, is only giving the cook a measly scissor job. In these movies, that's like "two for flinching!"
I'm not screaming about the stabbing! I'm screaming because I just saw Tallulah Banghead for the first time . . . without makeup!
I have news for you, darling! I'm wearing make up!

Precious, must the camera always show **sickening close-up shots**—like this one of the scissors in her back?

Of course, darling! It's all part of the new **freedom** in **American Movies** . . . freedom to **twist minds**, freedom to **turn stomachs**, and freedom to **teach new murder techniques!** And besides, this isn't a close-up!

THIS is a close-up! It's a shot of the scissors entering a **vein!** After this, we'll see a close-up of **gushing blood**, followed by a close-up shot of 178 feet of **entrails!** Close-ups like these are very **important** in horror movies! They take the audience's minds off **dirty** things like **sex!**

Oh, then there **won't be any sex** in this movie?!

Of course there will! Only not for **10 minutes** yet! This takes their minds off **sex until** then!

MUSCLE FIBERS

SCISSORS

VEIN

WHITE BLOOD CELLS RUSHING TO THE DEFENSE

CHICKEN WHITE BLOOD CELL

CAPILLARIES

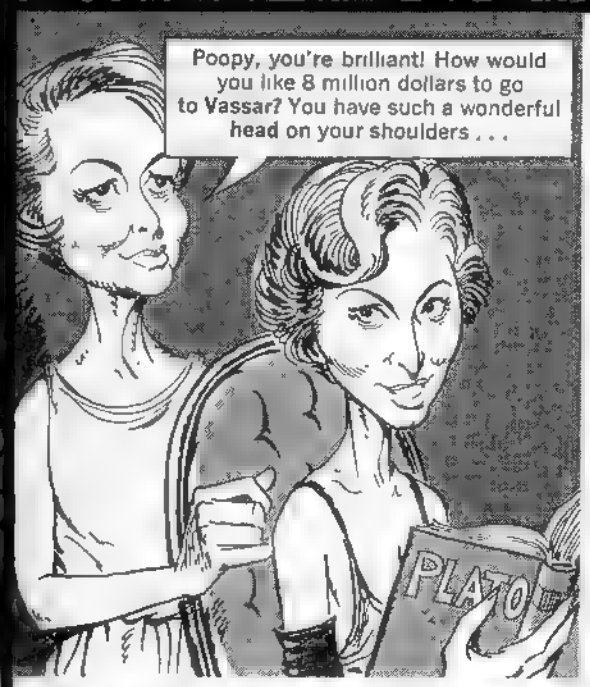
I don't know—as I sit here at the dinner table, I have the sneaking suspicion that the family is trying to butter me up for my money. But then again, I'd hate to be unfair to them! Perhaps they eat all their meals this way!

MENU

Precious you have such fine, sensitive fingers, and you play the piano divinely! How would you like an 8 million dollar **Music Scholarship** to . . .

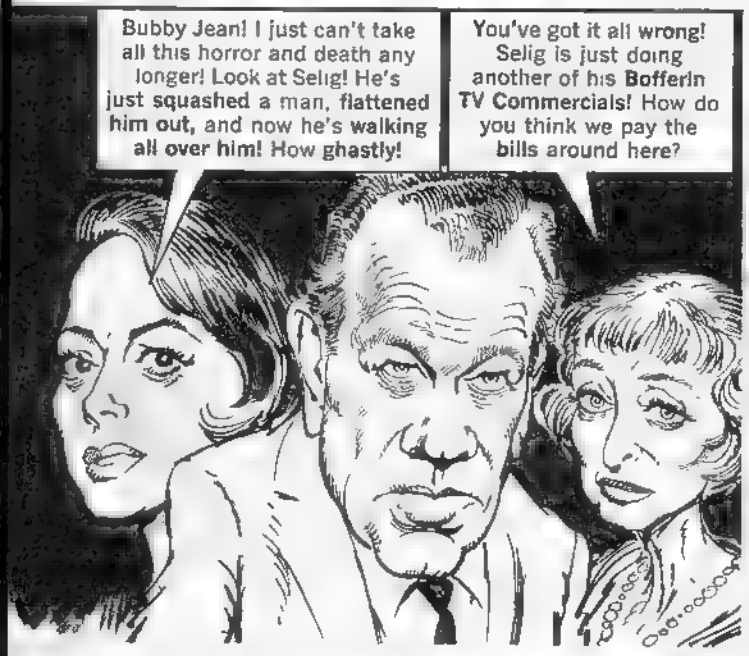
ZOK!

Oops! Forget it! Tell me, have you ever thought about taking up **Shorthand?**


Poopy, you're brilliant! How would you like 8 million dollars to go to Vassar? You have such a wonderful head on your shoulders . . .
PLATO

ZOK!

Oops! You have such a wonderful head on your floor!


Bubby Jean! I just can't take all this horror and death any longer! Look at Selig! He's just squashed a man, flattened him out, and now he's walking all over him! How ghastly!
You've got it all wrong! Selig is just doing another of his Bofferin TV Commercials! How do you think we pay the bills around here?

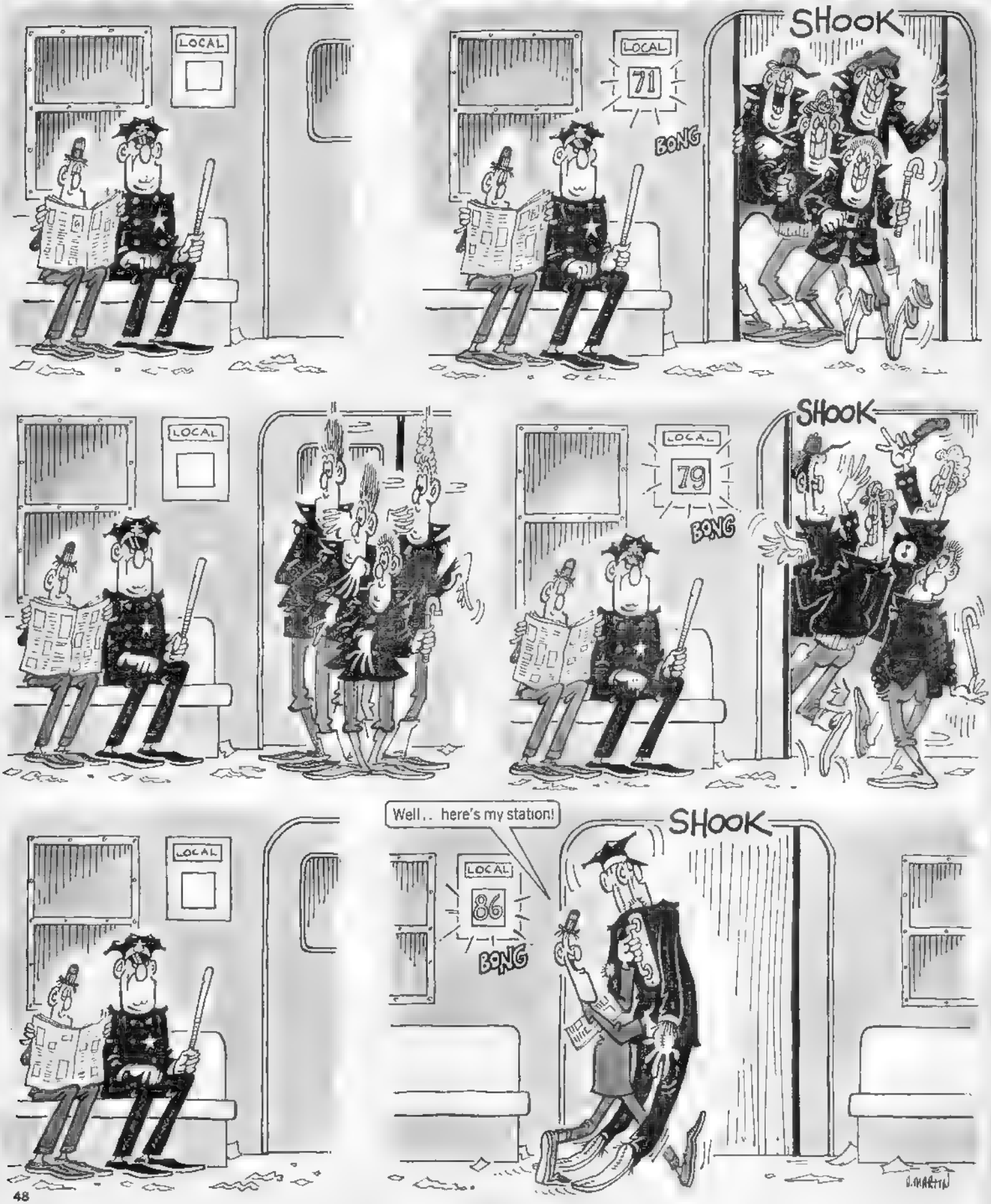
YAAAAAHH! Look! It's Honeybunch! She's dead, and there isn't a mark on her! How was she murdered?
See those empties all around? It's obvious—somebody fed her 40 bottles of Pepsi-Cola . . . and she burped to death!
Pepsi 6 PAC
6 PAC

MONTAGE BY SLAVKL VORKAPICH

Well, Cousin Phoebe—I'm the only survivor in this house, so I guess I get it, right? Give it to me! Come on . . . give it to me!
I'll give it to you, all right! Boy, are you gonna get it! In just one minute . . .
Wha—what goes on here!? This isn't in the script! Olivia!! What are you . . . Hey! You're NOT OLIVIA!
Surprise!
ANNETTE FUNNYJELLO! Star of stage, screen, TV and sandy beaches!
That's right, Bette! You fell for our trap! We've tricked all you old battle-axes into killing each other off!
But that wasn't real killing! That was trick photography! Weren't those rubber scissors and plastic axes and wooden heads and paper maché hands and ketchup for blood and . . . ?
No!! Because this morning, 27 of my fellow teenage movie stars staged a coup d'état at the Studio Prop Department! Those were real scissors and real axes and real heads and hands and blood!
But why kill us old stars off?
Why? I'll tell you why! Because we young swingers were monopolizing the industry with our movies until you old broads came along with yours! Everyone knows that your Horror movies are just as terrible as our Surfing movies! Still, they call yours "A" Pictures, while ours are called "B" Pictures. Your movies even get Academy Award nominations, while our movies are ignored by anyone over sixteen . . .!
Well, it's not fair! All that we of the younger generation want is what's coming to us! Mainly —EVERYTHING!! Is that asking too much? Well, now we've got it! NOW—WE'VE GOT . . . ugh . . . IT!
Okay! OKAY! Quiet on the set of "DROWN, DROWN, SWEET SURFERS"! We're going to do the big "Mass Murder Scene" now! Places, please, Annette Funnyjello, Pamela Taffy, Bubbi Shaw, Shelley Farblungit and the rest of you! READY . . . LIGHTS! CAMERAS! MUSIC! DANCING!
It's good to see all those ugly old broads gone now!
The movie industry is no longer dominated by tired, overexposed old bags!
Right! Now it's dominated by us tired, overexposed young bags!
Drown, drown, sweet Surfer. Surfing now has died! Get with it, Surfer, And ride the Horror tide!

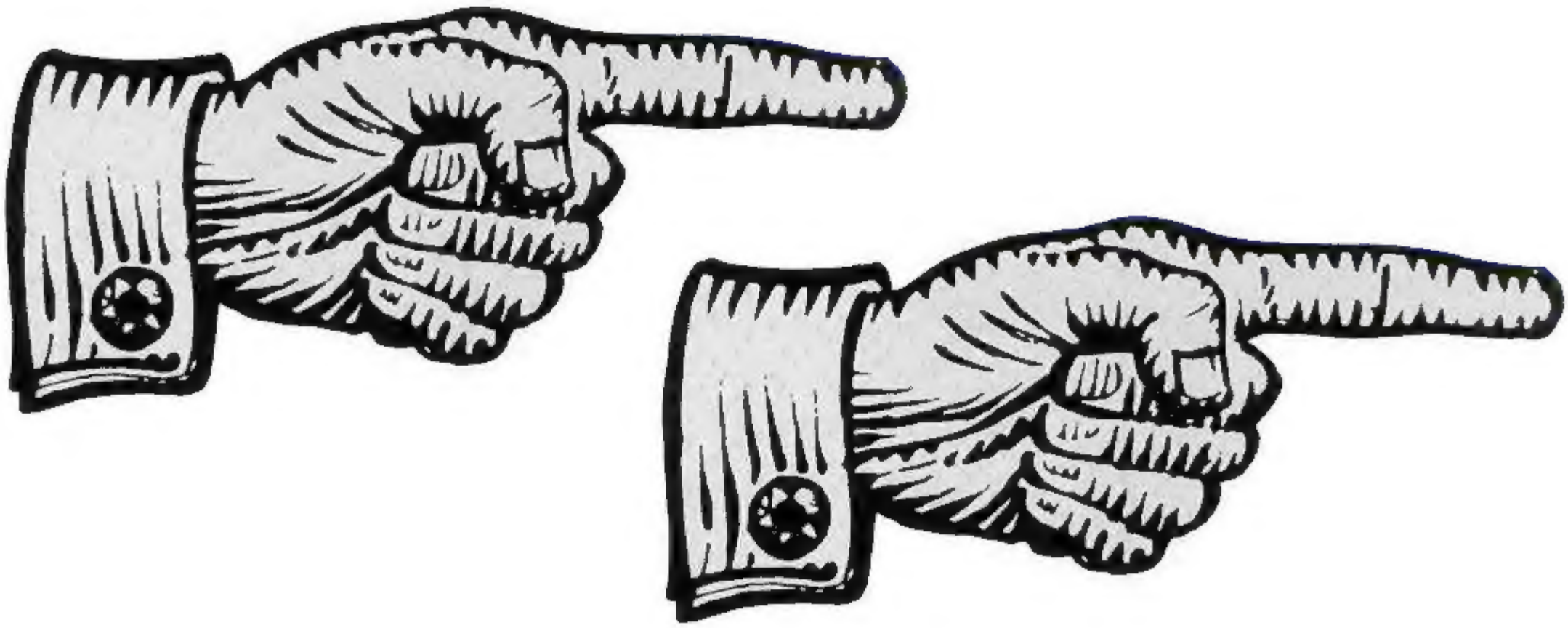
DON MARTIN DEPT.

ON THE SUBWAY



Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



A VITAL MESSAGE FROM THE STAFF OF MAD

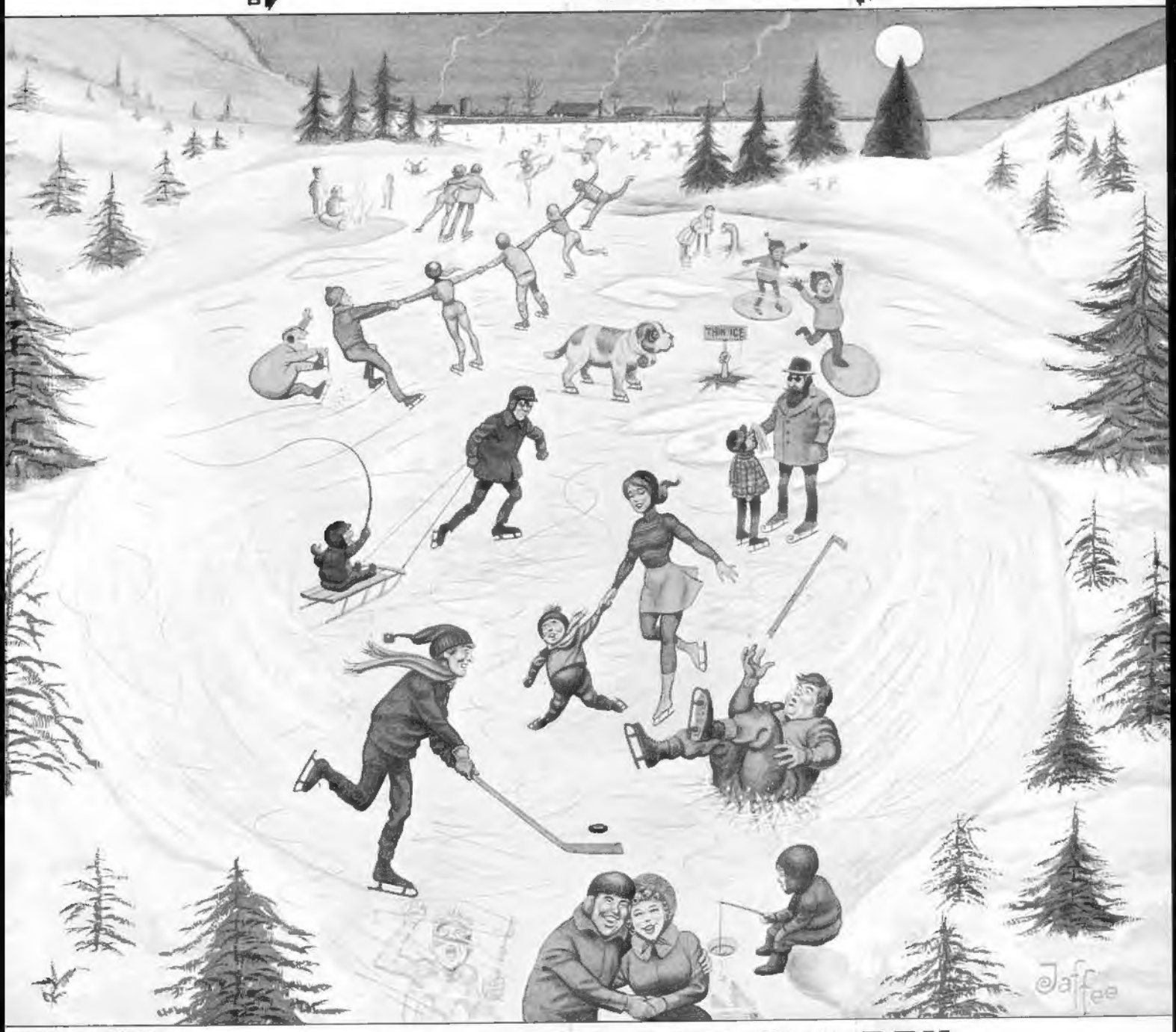
Looks like a gay, pleasant Winter's scene, eh? Well, don't be fooled by it. You should know us cynical devils at MAD by now. So just fold in the page as shown, and you'll soon discover the sinister, sarcastic message contained in—

THIS ISSUE'S REVOLTING MAD FOLD-IN

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

B ▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ A FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

B ▶ **HARDY SKATERS AND SNAPPY WEATHER** ◀ A

HOLD FORTH ON A WINTER'S DAY

A VITAL MESSAGE FROM THE STAFF OF MAD

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

B ◀▶ A FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

HAPPY

B ◀▶ A

HOLIDAY

THE REPLACEMENT

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: DON EDWING